

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME I

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1924

NUMBER 4

### Solitude and the Writer

THE complexity of modern life takes its toll of the energy of writers as well as of members of more active professions. France has recently made unique recognition of the fact in the establishment of a prize which takes the form of a holiday in the country for the poet fortunate enough to win it through the suffrages of his countrymen. The intention back of the award is quite obviously to provide for the man of letters the tranquil environment which is so seldom his portion in these days, and by making possible for him freedom from the pin-pricks of daily routine to release his best powers. Doubtless there are many among the writers of this and other countries who will long with exceeding great longing for the happy relief from the stubborn harassments of crowded existence which isolation provides, believing that in it their abilities would find their best fulfilment. But would they? If all writers were to go into seclusion what would happen to letters? Does seclusion or communion with his fellows most conduce to the highest development of the writer?

The answer to this long moot question can, of course, never be laid down in terms of the universal. For since no man can escape his temperament and what is one man's meat is another man's poison, there can be no categorical asserting that any particular environment is more nourishing to the spirit than any other. As there must always be men upon whom the drudgeries, the conventions, the obligations and even the amenities of life weigh so heavy as to submerge the creative instinct, there must always be men who will feel that only in isolation can the true powers of the creative worker come to fruition. The impulse to production may be vigorous, but the will to expression is sterile unless it be protected from interruption and diversion. Still other writers there must be, indeed have been—and among them the greatest—who from solitude draw not merely repose but inspiration, whose fancies are fertile enough, whose minds sufficiently stored, to feel no need of a spark from their fellows to light the bonfires of the soul. For them solitude is an incalculable boon.

But it is difficult to believe that for the generality of writers there is not more to be derived from participation in the hurly-burly of existence with all of its infringements on leisure and concentration than from the security that isolation brings against interruption. For only the fewest of persons have sufficient resources, philosophical or emotional, to draw exclusively upon themselves for the stuff out of which they hope to hew immortality. Without the answering enthusiasm of other minds, or the robust opposition of others' prejudices, most men's alertness atrophies; it must feed on the interest of others or else slacken. Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of much of literature as well as of virtue.

It is indeed one of the drawbacks of American literary life that it has no general rallying point. That intellectual interchange that England, with its compact territory and the immediate proximity of all parts of the island to London, or Paris with its concentration of the artistic life of France within its boundaries, achieves without effort, is almost impossible to America. We have foci of literary interest scattered throughout the country,—New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco,—but there is no one place where the literary foregather as they do in the European capitals. That is one of the reasons why the most notable fiction that America is producing to-day is interpretative not of the country at large but of its various sections. Our novelists are writing out of their own experience, unmodified too

### Metaphysical Poem

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

YOUR pocket-handkerchief is large enough  
To cover all you see of this round moon,  
And yet the intellects within this disc  
May skip in widely frosty afternoon.

What men call size is but a shrunken fear  
Within their eyes that makes them fabricate  
Small explanations of huge mysteries  
And warm exaggerations of small fate.

Again men look upon what seems to be  
The shifting of events and call them time,  
Without perceiving that the moving noise  
Is only stillness breaking into rhyme.

For Christian, pagan, scientist, and fool,  
Console themselves with measurements and walls,  
Without allowing fantasy and thought  
To roam unfrightened past the vast, black halls

Where life receives an ordeal or a boon  
After the hurried arrogance of death.  
With blind and witless confidence men cling  
To well-known forms and give them pleasing breath.

### The Curse of Opportunity

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

DURING the past few years the present writer has lost his faith in the efficacy of scolding. No one has appreciated more thoroughly than he the work of Mr. Lewis and no one has read the magnificent billingsgate of Mr. Mencken with more manifest delight, but the pleasure has been largely the pleasure of revenge and he does not believe that many business men read "Babbitt," resigned from the Rotary Club and took up æsthetics. He is as far as ever from accepting the complacent materialism of Booth Tarkington or going over otherwise into the camp of the Philistines but he has come to the point where he is willing to try to understand and explain, provided of course, that he is not compelled in the process to give up his comfortable feeling of superiority. It occurs to him that though he believes Homer to have been a far higher type of the human animal than Ulysses, nevertheless the poet would have probably much preferred to be even Ajax rather than himself, and in this sad recognition of man's natural preference for the transitory and physical over the permanent and exalted he thinks that he can see an explanation and a hope.

Unlike the writing or even the reading of a book, the making of a million dollars is a perfectly natural process which the human being performs with the same instinctive pleasure that the panther stalks his prey. To calculate in the interest of safety and comfort is the original function of the intelligence. But disinterested thought, on the other hand, is not quite normal. It is a sort of idealistic perversion, biologically useless to the individual and normally so unpleasant a process as rarely to be indulged in except either *faute de mieux* or as a result of that decline of animal activity which is called civilization. Now the most acute and determinedly condemnatory analysis made of the American mind was expressed by G. Lowes Dickinson when he said, through the mouth of one of his characters, that we calculate but do not think, can devise means to ends but never criticize ends themselves. Yet to say this is not truly to say that we cannot think but only (and this is a very different thing) that our opportunities for calculation have been so abundant and attractive that we have never except in rare instances been forced to do much else.

True thought is only calculation directed towards a non-material end and if we amaze Europeans by our shrewdness but not with our philosophy or art, it may be only because of the ends to which we have directed our minds. Like everyone else, the present writer has talked with men of affairs in whom the apparent mingling of intelligence and stupidity could arouse nothing but amazement. Makers and masters of fortunes, devisors of subtle schemes and manipulators of intricate formulæ, they nevertheless discussed abstract questions or even politics with the simplicity of a child and the superstition of a peasant. Fundamentally the reason was simply that they did not care. To think straight in certain directions is for them an absolute necessity, and they have mastered the situation on the intellectual side. One trace of the prejudice, the ignorance or the illogic which they lavish upon other things would, if applied to the (to them) serious business of life, overwhelm them with calamity, but they can muddle through religion, morality, art, or philosophy without causing anything observable to happen to them. And so, having forced themselves through the painful process of straight thinking in one direction, they have allowed themselves the lux-

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Published by Time Incorporated,  
Publishers of TIME,  
The Weekly News-Magazine

frequently by the different experience of others, and are presenting portrayals of American life that are true when viewed independently and only partially true when seen in relation to their setting. The sifting of impressions which the literary circles abroad so constantly engage in, must be effected here through the slow process of printed discussion and not through direct contact. We have no common meeting ground where intercourse reveals to our writers the conglomerate mind of their profession. There is no forum where new experiments, new methods, new theories are threshed out by widely variant but tangential groups instead of narrowly localized ones. And as a result too little is possible of the interchange of thought and impression which makes for mellowness and breadth in literature. Less isolation rather than more is what America needs.



ury of prejudice, passion, and carelessness in all else.

It seems hardly probable that there will be any great turning towards things intellectual and artistic as long as material opportunity is both abundant and open to all. If Russia produced on the whole the greatest literature of the nineteenth century, was it not largely because her people had no other outlet for their energies? Politics and industry were both closed to the greater part of the people and they thought because they could not calculate, becoming a nation of Hamlets because of the utter impossibility of becoming a nation of Morgans and Edisons, and discovering the delights of the mind because the delights of the animal were forbidden. Wealth in itself is not at all a bad thing for with it a nation can support its artists, but free competition for it under conditions which assure success to almost all is. The first talent of Italy went to founding the great families of princes but after the Medici in Florence, for instance, had closed that road to fortune which we so proudly say is still open to all in America, came Machiavelli and Ariosto, Botticelli and Michael Angelo. And if this seem fantastic to some, it will at least be admitted that though it was not reserved to America to discover first the "romance of business" and of politics, it was reserved to her, under the combined influence of equal opportunity and unlimited resources, to make that romance more attractive than it ever was before. If her people have, as some maintain, devoted themselves to an unprecedented degree to the pursuit of material ends, it has not been so much because they were more inclined than others but only because they were more tempted. The youth of America may be her oldest tradition, but the youth of a nation is not measured in years and she will continue to be youthful as long as she provides unlimited wealth and equal opportunity.



In this sense we have grown but little older, for the attractiveness of politics alone has declined. Not many young men of to-day have any particular desire to be president of the United States and hence it is no longer true that the American boy's traditional opportunity to achieve that distinction diverts into politics many minds which might have achieved more lasting but less spectacular success in the fields of art or science. But other ambitions are still easily attainable. It is as true as ever that this same American boy has an excellent chance of becoming a millionaire and as it is extremely improbable that money will ever lose a certain immediate attractiveness, those interested in literature may logically await with impatience the decline of our prosperity.

The French boy, for example, enjoys a certain immediate advantage from the fact that the general circumstances of the life about him do not immediately suggest to him that in the natural course of events he will probably engage in some enterprise which will bring him large fortune. Accordingly he is more likely to think of accomplishment in some other terms. We, however, are still cursed with opportunity. The immigrant landing at Ellis Island or the youth but recently cast for the first time upon the shores of this world can hardly be expected even to be aware of the existence of subtle and intangible values when he is surrounded with such an abundance of solid and very tangible ones. A hundred roads with fortune and power at the end of them open before him. Nearly every sort of talent finds for itself an active market and a high price and to go to market is a very natural impulse. Were we not constantly reminded of the fortunes gained by the concoction of a beverage like Coca-Cola or the devising of a simple contrivance like the safety-razor and of the very good chance that a similar stroke of luck awaits us around the corner, we might tend more to turn inward, to elaborate philosophies or to write books, but when the outside world is so full it is folly to expect that many (and this of course applies not only to writers but *a fortiori* to readers) will look for an inner one and we must depend upon those few who because of some physical or mental twist escape the spirit of the age. Steinmetz, hopelessly handicapped by a broken back and shut out from our boasted competitive opportunity, achieved greatness and died relatively poor, but had it not been for his fortunate deformity the chances are that he would have accomplished a great deal less and been rewarded a great deal more. When times become hard and talent less easily marketable for large sums we may expect the development of the American soul.

Meanwhile satire and recrimination are futile. Tell the Rotarian with sufficient emphasis that we are a nation of boobs and he may possibly suggest at the next meeting of the club that Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf be presented to the public library; reproach the captain of finance with "missing the finer things of life" and he may remember to order a couple of old masters; but the cause of art will not be greatly advanced. Already we have whatever money will buy and that means, of course, merely that we excel in the housing and presentation of the work of others. New York will soon be the center of the theatrical world as it is already the center of the musical world. It will not, perhaps, produce the best playwrights or composers any more than Mr. Carnegie paints the best pictures, but it will, like him, own them. Our millionaires will continue to devote fortunes to the founding of art schools in bland unconsciousness of the fact that their factories destroy more beauty than all their pupils create and from millionaire on down the line we shall give to science, to art and to social betterment everything except that serious concern of our hearts which alone could create.

Thus a good half of our writers are beating the air. Whereas the only profitable thing which they can do is to reveal the beauty of the inward life they spend a considerable part of their time in merely berating those who do not lead it. The only possible effect is to stimulate a vague "desire for culture," the feeling that without disturbing one's existence or changing one's standards of value one can add certain external ornaments to one's life. But this sort of culture is, with the possible exception of materialism itself, the greatest enemy of art, which is not an ornament to life but a way of living and judging. When, to take a recent example, there appears a book like Miss Cather's "A Lost Lady" in which the genuinely artistic point of view is tacitly assumed and it is shown how existence may be regarded as itself a work of art and characters one and all are judged by the richness and harmony of their experience, then something is accomplished. Men are led to see things as an artist sees them and to appreciate, perhaps, the immensely superior satisfaction of fully developed consciousness over the mere competition for material things. But such books alone are really important and, in a word, the only propaganda for art is art itself.



We may sum up the situation by saying that if the American people have never been to any large extent artistic, it is simply because they have never felt the need to be, nor can that need be imposed upon them except by the course of events. The purpose of art is to give value to life. It springs up when man, ceasing to be content with the superficial life of the energies and senses, seeks to give to it subtle and fictitious values, but life in America has been, so far, too immediately satisfying for most people to need either apology or interpretation. No exhaustion of opportunity or abatement of physical energy has cast upon them the necessity of thought. Just as they have never, save in the period of their earliest struggles, felt the need of the comfort of a mystical religion or called upon any great theologian to justify the ways of God to man, but have been content with only an everyday code of morality because life was too immediately satisfying to need justification and earth too pleasant to lead them to mystical visions of heaven so, too, have they been content to work, eat, and propagate in abundance, without calling upon literature to reveal to them the subtler flavors or finer shades of existence.

But sooner or later this need will come, for no great and powerful nation has yet escaped it. In the hour of humiliation or the exhaustion of its first flush of energy it turns for consolation to the mind or, power and wealth having passed definitely into the hands of a class, the unexhausted energies of a people turn to the exploitation of other fields. Then perhaps even the merchants and the commanders, their pockets and their bellies full, are seized with a strange dissatisfaction. Their battles fought and their fortunes secured, the life of competition loses somehow its savor and they call upon literature to give it values which the natural life does not have. In the excitement of the struggle for survival and power the mere achievement of ends is enough, but when thought intervenes it demands a justification of existence in terms of overtones—of irony, of sentiment, of heroism, or of tragedy. These sentiments, valueless and meaningless for the student of man the animal, become his sole standard of value and we have a nation of artists.

This stage of civilization is the highest possible but it is also the last. Of civilized literature, we demand scepticism, tolerance, and the broadmindedness of doubt. These are the finest products of the human mind but they are not positive advantages in the struggle for survival as bigotry, singleness of purpose, and the complete self-righteousness of ignorance are, but instead are positive handicaps. They lead men to contemplate rather than to fight and they sicken everything over with the pale cast of thought. Perhaps, as Anatole France says, art is a disease of which we die and at least the great civilizations of antiquity and the Renaissance died of it, only the phrase "a disease of which we die" is too unnecessarily dark and "a ripeness after which there is nothing but inevitable decay" is more befitting. The period of vigorous growth, the ruthless struggle for existence and the gathering of forces is like the first year of the life of a hyacinth; art is the final justifying flower after which decay is left. And again comes the strange antithesis between man and nature. To her no doubt the most successful creature is he who survives longest, for survival alone is her object. Man and Mastodon are of equal value and her proudest triumph is the ant, frozen for milleniums in a changeless perfection of adaption to physical surroundings, handing on his dim life for countless generations, perfect in social virtue, untroubled with love or art, and without any possible decadence. But man's judgments are not natures. Though he recoils with horror from the spectacle of mere life, propagation, and death eternally recurring, and finds in this scheme of nature only a senseless circle, yet he accepts with serenity the death of a flower which has born a blossom. Better the three glorious centuries of Italy than a thousand generations of mere barbarian health.

This judgment and this prophecy, with its sinister hint of the eternal recurrence, can hardly be pleasing to many. Some will resent the suggestion that America has not born her flower, the rest that when she does so it will be the beginning of the end. But, however pleasing it might be to imagine her going on forever and increasing always in civilization and power, she can hardly escape the general law. For her is still reserved her glory and after that her fate.

## Morley Dramatizes

ONE ACT PLAYS. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.  
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$2 net.

THE fly-leaf of the jacket of this book tells us that many requests for the publication of these plays in easily available form have practically forced the author to publish in self-defense. "Thursday Evening," written several years ago has proved particularly popular, having been performed several hundred times since it was written. It would naturally appeal strongly to all young married people. The rendering of "Rehearsal" should likewise be especially easy for most amateur companies. "Bedroom Suite," is, we think, the best of the lighter plays, despite the decided originality of "On the Shelf." In "Bedroom Suite" Mr. Morley has hit upon a fresh and clever idea, humorously and richly human. And while "On the Shelf" is more pyrotechnical, its idea seems to us cleverer than its execution. In "East of Eden" we have a decidedly modern spoof upon the exiles from Paradise, with a number of good "laughs," but Mark Twain, in "Adam's Diary," rises in the mind for comparison, and while Mr. Morley "gets gay" with the Adams and the Adamsons with any amount of assurance the farce seems to us too unrelieved, the matter of the baby handled with less true naïveté than Clemens imparted to this first social complication encountered by his Adam and Eve. There is a slight straining after the manner of the *intelligenza* throughout the play, and it does not quite carry conviction.

But when, among these half dozen brief dramas, we come to "Walt," which appeared in a recent number of the *Bookman*, we discover a truly remarkable bit of re-creation. Even the rather too elaborate description of the "set," the dragging in of Logan Pearsall Smith, and the unconvincing lingo attributed to the young Dick Davis do not spoil it for us. Mr. Morley's Whitmania of late years has made the robust personality of old Walt profoundly real to him. The climax of this play is beautifully managed. The poet of Camden lives



on the printed page. There is sentiment without sentimentality and, all through the slight piece, a pronounced sense of reality. The choice of details gleaned from biography and letters is entirely admirable. It is worth writing several dozen one-acters to get one as good as "Walt," and Morley has done it by writing a mere half-dozen, all original in idea and often decidedly entertaining.

## Marcel Proust

**WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE.** By MARCEL PROUST. ("A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs.") Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1924. 2 vols. \$5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. DRAKE

"WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE" is not so significant psychologically as "Swann's Way" which is a performance scarcely to be equalled again in our generation; but it is a better novel, and is decidedly more interesting and engaging in the point of content. It would be a fatuous labour to attempt any description of this comparatively minor section of an enormous novel, but it strikes me as worth recording that the reader still unacquainted with the subtle texture and interrupted tempo of Proust's style might make an excellent approach to the "Recherche du Temps Perdu" through this more readable volume, which like every paragraph of Proust's is an entity in itself, returning presently to "Swann's Way" and proceeding thence to the end. It is certain that no one should allow a mere difficulty of style or an occasional lapse of interest to dissuade him from a work which will surely remain one of the supremest contributions in our age to fiction and autopsychography.

I have described Marcel Proust's work as one of the supreme accomplishments of our generation, and I do so with an absence of diffidence that, in another case, would scarcely become a conscientious critic. The critical hysteria that followed Proust's death, in November, 1922, at the moment when he had written "fin" on the last page of his prodigious work, resulted in an excess of praise which would have been ridiculous if the novel itself did not so excellently sustain it. Such outbursts of sentiment do not operate to the advantage of literary art. But Proust's work, although it declines steadily from the perfect poise of "Du Côté de Chez Swann," will be found, in the refinement of distance, to possess a significance even greater than that emphasized by the authors who filled a special issue of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and Mr. Moncrieff's anthology, "An English Tribute," with praise of their departed confrère. Proust's art, despite these enthusiastic claims, is not the beginning of a new manner in fiction; it is not revolutionary and not epoch-making: it is the perfect flowering, the perfect culmination of the traditional French novel, in complete obedience to all the accepted formulæ; and as such, representing as it does the farthest probable point the novel can reach in its present course of development, it concludes one type of fiction and establishes a bridge of transition to another, more profound, more expressive novel of the new age.

I believe it was the French critic Carcassonne who first compared Proust's work with that of Balzac. "Never since Stendhal and Balzac," he says, "has so much reality been put into a novel by any novelist." The comparison with Stendhal—the first great psychological novelist, the first perfectly sophisticated observer of life in French fiction, the spiritual father of the school of which Proust is the final type—is just; but it is unwary to compare the modern novelist with Balzac, whom he might equal as an observer of life, but with whom he cannot compare in originality and authenticity of creation. Benjamin Constant is a more likely comparison; and if we must have cross-references, we can find in Proust many of the characteristics of our own Browning.

While Proust's supposed debt to Balzac is nowhere observable in his writings, his inheritance from Stendhal is apparent upon every page and acknowledged in scores of appreciative references to the Master throughout the text. Most strikingly, however, the method of Proust derives and proceeds directly from the novel of the Goncourts, in the candid morbidity of its observation of life. Edmond de Goncourt's note has been quoted before in the connection, but it is important enough to repeat:

Notre œuvre entière repose sur la maladie nerveuse; les peintres de la maladie, nous les avons tirés de nous mêmes, et, à force de nous disséquer, nous sommes arrivés, à une sensibilité super-aiguë que blessaient les infiniment petits de la vie.

This exactly describes the "Recherche du Temps Perdu." It is the passionately sincere, irrevocably personal record of a modern aesthete whose nerves of beauty, exacerbated by the most complete experience that the refinements of civilization could afford, were sophisticated to an extreme of sensitivity almost beyond the ordinary imagination. For two decades before he died, of a disease that is not named in the memorials of his friends, Proust lived in a padded room, arose at five, entertained his friends, wrote from midnight till morning, and suffered acutely when the sound of a closing door penetrated even this careful seclusion. He represented the farthest possible development in that quality, more nervous than intellectual or spiritual, that we know as cultivation or refinement. It follows that his style should be morbidly sensitive; and being sensitive, that it should be as complete and discursive as the personalities and emotions with which it is engaged.

Yet I do not think it inconsistent to add that the most obvious virtue in Proust's work is his exceptional intellectual integrity, in both the pure and the vulgar acceptances of the word. Beyond the primary theme of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," the book takes form as the spiritual autobiography of a candid and complicated child of



MARCEL PROUST

modern society, and as such all the excursions into the criticism of music, painting, and literature, all the many apparently extraneous observations that interrupt and distract the narrative, take their place in the whole as contributory evidence, describing the impact of beauty and of life upon this neurotic spirit who, despite his excessive sophistication, remained to the end so unjaded and naïve that beauty continually excited his surprise and life his curiosity and delight.

Proust's point of observation in his so-called "Recherche du Temps Perdu" is extraordinary and unique. His obvious theme, the life of a man from childhood through his spiritual career to maturity, his devotion the luminous past, "the austere splendours of *Le Grand Siècle*, the brilliant decay of eighteenth-century France," he writes entirely from the vantage-point of the present. He loves this past for its aristocratic beauty and refinement; but to claim that Proust is snobbish by reason of this preference is as uncritical as to say that his style is English because his sentences are as long and mannered as those of Henry James. An outspoken recognition of the aristocracy of refinement and an equally candid ridicule of the crudeness of the *nouveaux* is not snobbishness, but simple honesty. Proust is too passionately interested in life and people, especially those not of the same nature as himself, to be snobbish: and his curiosity is never personal—he examines character with an impersonality and calmness of perception, a candour, accuracy and minuteness in the notation of details in thought and

feeling, that has never before been achieved in literature. If he chooses to write of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, it is because that is the segment of life he knows best and which offers the most to his genius.

Proust is mature and sensitive in a very exceptional way, mellow yet untiringly inquisitive, and singularly uncontaminated either by literature or life. Situation and character exist for him only as points of focus for his observation and discourse: and when he attempts to describe either, he invariably singles out some particular phase, and fails to proceed beyond it. He possesses the exceptional faculty of seeing his characters and situations both objectively and subjectively at the same time; and when he finds it necessary to ridicule a social upstart, he does so with tolerance and understanding. He writes much of love,—the *mal aimé*—unhappy and tormented by its jealousies, its unsatisfied desires, and its swift disillusionments; but the authentic rhythm of love is never discernible in his representation of character. He is inquisitive, tolerant, and sensitive, but he cannot abandon himself in love: this is his malady. Yet everywhere in "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," there is discernible a slight trembling of the veil before a certain shrine. Proust is an intuitive mystic, a seeker, as Tolstoy was a seeker, after a vague truth hidden from him: and it is this ultimate beauty that Swann seeks in Verdurin's sonata, that the young protagonist seeks in his books and pictures and in the embraces of Gilberte and Albertine, and toward which all his characters aspire in all their instinctive yearnings.

"Within a Budding Grove," the English translation of "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," is hailed with appropriate salvos as it emerges from the press and takes its place in the (may all the gods of onomatopœa now forgive me!) the voluminous procession of Marcel Proust's continuous novel, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." (The narrative in these two volumes resumes and concludes the protagonist's affair with Swann's daughter Gilberte, describes at length the establishments presided over by Madame Swann and the Cottards, introduces the Marquis de Norpiss, the writer Bergotte, Robert de Saint-Loup, and especially Monsieur de Charlus, and finally takes the young man to Malbec, which in reality is probably the Norman resort Cabourg, where he falls in love with Albertine, a Gomorrahite and a girl of great charm, with whom he engages in a singularly beautiful liaison—described in "Sodome et Gomorrhe" and at length in the recent volume "La Prisonnière," and probably to be concluded in the next volume to be issued, "Albertine Disparue"—of whom Proust has left a portrait which to my mind excels any portrait of a woman in fiction.)

## The Unlicked Wound

PLUMES. By LAURENCE STALLINGS. Harcourt, Brace & Co. New York: 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by THOMAS BOYD,

Author of "Through the Wheat"

THAT it was a great old war while it lasted, but that it didn't last half long enough has been often said, and perhaps the words contain a greater amount of truth than the people who cynically uttered them were capable of perceiving. The war should have continued until the propagandists choked to death on their own lies; until governments could no longer give lavish contracts for steel to kill with, for food to eat and shoddy uniforms to wear while killing; until no men were left to guard courageous and sometimes cowardly conscientious objectors; until the crowns which fell from kings upon the heads of business men fell from their heads also; until the gallant maimed were sent back to front line duty—

But instead the propagandists earned a reputation as moulders of public opinion; the contractors gained more money with which they could buy more foreign holdings; America knew its greatest era of production; the conscientious objectors remained—and still remain—in prison; Mr. Wilson was followed into the White House by Mr. Harding, and the soldiers come back to a careless land.

Laurence Stallings, a former captain in the A. E. F., with several machine gun bullets in his leg, was enabled to live through the bitterness of the post-war period instead of dying at Champagne or in the Argonne, to see silver-plated phrases show their verdigris beneath, and to hear grey-bearded



imbeciles, jingoistic, favor limitation of armament. Thus the material of his first published novel came to him.

And the joy, the beauty of "Plumes," is that Mr. Stallings could subdue his bitterness and write a work in which each episode has a universal rather than a personal significance, that he could be so restrained, that he would be so honest. It is a triumph, the story of thousands of men, and the most heartbreaking tale of all. For Mr. Stallings has written of the nation's latest scrap heap: those men whom the United States Disabled Veterans' Bureau outfits with artificial appliances, of arms, of legs and skulls, whose shoulder blades go into the making of that part of the backbone which a shot from a Maxim has splintered—those hobbling truths that God of War is a contradiction in terms. And he has done it amazingly well: you notice that he has "a good groatsworth of wit" and a steady, reflective mind.

Mr. Stallings has written the novel which several people tried unsuccessfully to write. "Plumes" concerns itself neither with the habitual whimperer nor with the bold American Legionnaire who breaks up communist meetings. Yet the protagonist of the story is a Nordic, and what is more surprising he is a decent Nordic. Richard Plume, from whom the name of the book is taken, has an ancestor in every war that was fought by America. Each one, from the early eighteenth century Noah who "was killed while on scouting patrol organized by an unfortified settlement" and "thus founded the warlike tradition, persisted in unto this day among the Plumes," of going to war to save his neighbor's property,—each Plume got in the way of an enemy bullet. Most of the Plumes thereafter came back to their cabins and licked their wounds before the fire.

Richard Plume, shortly before Mr. Wilson's second inauguration, was a young college instructor. He was happily married to a wife of six months. People were singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Then war was declared, Mr. Cohan wrote the popular song ("Ovah Theyah!") and the Draft board gave Richard the ugliest uniform worn by an Allied soldier. He went to France and returned with a decoration and a shattered leg. His wife had had a baby while he was away. He had the choice of returning home and romancing about his wounds or of supporting his family on lunch money supplied by the government until he got a job. With a paining, rotting leg which the surgeons would not amputate—I believe you will feel that agony when you read "Plumes"—he sought the job and it was a much more heroic task than that of rushing a machine gun emplacement in the woods near Soissons. For he wanted to discover why men were forced to kill each other, he wanted to become sane and to save his son from a cruelty like his own.

## Court Chronicles

THE LETTERS OF MADAME. The Correspondence of Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, Princess Palatine, Duchess of Orleans, called Madame at the Court of Louis XIV. 1661-1708. Translated and edited by GERTRUDE SCOTT STEVENSON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$5.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

OF ALL the famous memoirs and letters of the eighteenth century, especially those of the French court, perhaps the least known in English have been those which now appear—in selections—of "Madame," Louis XIV's sister-in-law. Yet they are among the most numerous, the most entertaining, and the most informing of all that vast collection which has made the French courts of the eighteenth century one of the best known places in history, especially to the buyers of those "sets" of memoirs which not long since—and long before that—were among the mainstays of certain publishers, and are to be found now in long and brilliant rows in many "libraries."

"Four days a week I devote to correspondence," write this most indefatigable of all letter-writers. "On Monday I write to Savoy, on Wednesday to Modena, and on Friday and Sunday I write enormous letters to my aunt in Hanover—I go to Paris three times a week, and also write daily to my friends who live there." One might almost think—indeed it is difficult to escape the suspicion—that this great lady, who was always hard-pressed for money, thanks chiefly to her dissolute son, was al-

most, if not quite, a kind of eighteenth century newswriter.

It is obvious that no single volume could contain the fruits of such industry. For more than a hundred years her letters have been a mine on which editors and publishers of articles, even historians have drawn without stint—in nearly every language but English. In general such verbose letter-writers are dull to extinction. But Madame was one of those exceptional persons who combined a sound if sometimes prejudiced judgment with a vivacious style, a sense of humor, and a vigorous vocabulary into a style which is almost always entertaining, generally informing, and often highly amusing. Living in another age she would have been one of the best of special correspondents, delighting millions with her letters. For that task she had all the requisites, including a taste for every kind of human interest, sport, clothes, politics, gossip, amusing stories, scandal, fashions, amusements, and an unrivalled acquaintance among the great ones of the world, to which most such writers may only pretend. She was in the center of the seventeenth century world—the court of Louis XIV—and she knew not only everybody but almost everything of consequence about which everybody talked. What a waste! She was only a princess writing to dull courts!

I have always been plain (she says of herself) and since I had the smallpox I have become more so, and my figure is outrageous. I am as square as a dice, my skin is red, tinged with yellow; I am beginning to go grey and have pepper and salt tresses; there are wrinkles on my forehead and round my eyes; my nose is as crooked as it always was, and is pitted with smallpox to boot, as are also my cheeks which are pendulous, with large jaws and jagged teeth. My mouth is changed, too, having become larger and wrinkled at the corners.

She was under no illusions about herself, this lively princess, nor about other people; and it is evident that so great a lady who could give such an unflattering description of her own charms, deserves the attention of the world, for she was past illusions, even of grandeur. Her audience should be large, if for no other reason than that she is so gifted in vituperation. She did not like Madame de Maintenon, the "Pantocrat," she calls her, "that old hag," when she feels more strongly, and, at worst, "Old Slops." The exiled king of England, James II, finds here an admirable reason for the Revolution of 1688 in his portrait, "he has courage and strength, but no wit, and he is deadly dull"; he is, in fact, "dreadfully stupid"; "good and honest but the most incompetent man I have ever seen. His piety makes him stupid"; and if you would have a reason why he lost his throne you should read his account of the Battle of the Boyne.

But if Madame cannot stand stupidity she can recognize ability when she sees it; and even the French court came to perceive why and how William III became king of England. "Good-hearted," "intelligent," "a great man and as great a king as he deserves to be," such are some of the opinions of him from the lips of those who by rights should have been his mortal enemies, but who, none the less, could give even the devil his due; if he were not stupid!

Yet even these character-sketches will seem less entertaining to many than the accounts of the changing fashions at the center of fashion; the complaints that women were even then taking up the tobacco habit, that they wore this and that they emphatically did not wear that. Some will read the accounts of medical practice in even the highest circles of that day and thank God that they were born in the nineteenth instead of the seventeenth century. Some will read here those scandals which agitated—very slightly—that glittering society. Some will read the religious side and be edified by the tribute to Dr. Luther who wrote those "cheerful" hymns. But certainly many should read and doubtless many will, this most amusing of court chronicles; for there are none better, and most of them far, far from as good.

## Lively Disputations

UNDER DISPUTE. By AGNES REPPLIER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by EDWARD WAGENKNECHT  
University of Chicago

STYLISTICALLY, Miss Repplier's latest volume is quite in the manner which she established in the Eighties: we have the same high polish, the same careful balance, and—most characteristically—the same consummate use of quotations. There are quotations to mark transi-

tions and introduce new lines of thought, quotations to clinch a point or to end a passage on a high note, even quotations to reinforce quotations. Always, though drawn from the most diversified sources, they are amazingly apt, and always they are perfectly absorbed into the text. That Miss Repplier's style is indeed admirable, her severest critics can hardly disallow; there are few American writers who could not profitably go to school to her to learn how to write English prose.

If her style is unaltered, her subject-matter, these days, is far more diversified than it used to be. Thus, in "Under Dispute," only two of the twelve papers are strictly literary: the other ten range from The Masterful Puritan to The Idolatrous Dog, discussing also, on the way, post-war conditions in Europe, The Battlefield of Education, the problem of preaching in the modern world, and, with a special hit at Mr. Villard's method of settling the Irish question, the delicate matter of counsel between nations. Miss Repplier is thus far more contemporaneous than of old: she quotes newspaper headlines as frequently as the solid tomes of history; Babbitt and Theodore Dreiser jostle, in her pages, Lord Hervey's memoirs and Thomas à Kempis. There is talk of profiteers, polyphonic prose, picketing, blue laws, educational questionnaires, the Japanese problem, and the comic strip. Once, indeed, she permits herself to speak of "morons."

That Miss Repplier should be disputatious is nothing new. Neither should it occasion surprise that her tone has grown more serious with the years. Although the shadow of the war, which so long absorbed her, is less pervasive here than in her other recent volumes, it has left its mark upon her spirit. Never again can she chaff Americans about their over-conscientiousness, their too-absorbing earnestness, quite so effectively as she once chaffed them. She does, indeed, find heart to essay it at times, but she is apt to kill her point, as when she ends an otherwise genial essay on American humor with stern exhortation of two American girls who were photographed "smilin' through" the shell-holes of Verdun. Memories of Verdun, she thinks, "do not make for laughter. There is that in its story which sobers the world it has ennobled." Even when the old wit flashes—which is often—it is apt to be touched with earnestness, as when she tells of the Plymouth carpenter who, seeking an exorbitant price for a pair of stocks, was forthwith clapped into them.

And we profess to pity the Puritans for the hardness and dullness of their lives! Why, if we could but see a single profiteer sitting in the stocks . . . we should be willing to listen to sermons two hours long for the rest of our earthly days.

It is hardly necessary to add that, in all her many disputations, Miss Repplier is still the arch-conservative, that she seldom errs on the side of liberalism. With reformers, with industrial rebels, with those who fail to admire General Wood or who proffer advice to the President, she has, on the whole, little sympathy. Her personal animus against prohibition she exploits with a repetitious zeal which is quite superfluous. But it is when she touches the militaristic system that her conservatism is least palatable: on this head she is not yet disillusioned. Those who criticize France, for example, she stigmatizes as "the sentimentalists of the world, whose hearts are in the right place, but whose heads are commonly elsewhere." She still believes, she will probably continue to believe as long as she lives, that, even in the Twentieth Century, there can be such a thing as a righteous war.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY . . . . . Editor  
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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President; Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, \$3; in Canada, \$3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, \$4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, R. E. Larsen. Application for entry as second-class matter is pending. Vol. I. Number 4.

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The splendid consistency of Miss Repplier's views must challenge the admiration of even those against whom she is most ardently disputing. If she is neither profound nor original, she is brilliant. She has a keen, cool, critical intelligence, and, within the limits between which she chooses to move, she sweeps the air clean of the cobwebs of sentimentality and of crude, raw, half-digested theories. She is never guilty of complacency: no matter what her views, she doesn't, like so many of her contemporaries, entertain them because they are comforting. That is a good story she tells of the American woman who, buying government bonds, wanted to be assured that they were perfectly secure. "I should not say that," was the guarded reply, "but they will be the last things to go." Back of all her judgments there is a fund of common sense; beneath her scorn there is a depth of feeling. There is no denying that, when she is at her best, hers is something of an organ-voice, and the stamp of nobility is upon it.

## Recent English Drama

TENDENCIES OF MODERN ENGLISH DRAMA. By A. E. MORGAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by GORHAM B. MUNSON

PROFESSOR MORGAN'S extensive survey of modern British and Irish drama is a sound work, but except for the veriest tyro in recent dramatic history, it is also a flat and unprofitable study. This unstimulating result is due to the aim and method which limit the author to platitudes and do not carry him on to debatable ground. The intrinsic merit of the dramatists discussed is not a chief but a by-concern. In justification, Professor Morgan utters the ingrown heresy that posterity is the best judge of merit, against which heresy Mr. T. S. Eliot has protested on the ground that literature is timeless and the critic must train himself to see the past and the present with the same lively eye, while Mr. Leo Stein has pointed out that the best judgment of posterity is generally a stripping off of the irrelevant details and distorted emphases a work receives from succeeding generations until the work is perceived very much as an intelligent contemporary might have perceived it.

Professor Morgan is an historian, a painstaking recorder of facts and a devotee of the distressing practice of summarizing the contents of each play mentioned. He is not quite a pure historian for he does comment upon the values of his materials and he has sympathies and preferences on view. He is, for instance, opposed to the Victorian code and interested by the drama of ideas. He knows that tragedy is more than the mean defeat of mean people as portrayed in the school of revolt (Houghton, Elizabeth Baker, Githa Sowerby): he insists that it should be based on some element of nobility in a character overborne by the greater strength of fate. He allows a place for the fairyland drama as an escape from actuality, and for "realism" as a criticism and interpretation of life, but he reserves the modern throne for the imaginative drama of Synge, of whom "there is sufficient quantity and all the quality to warrant us in assigning to him a place second only to Shakespeare among the dramatists who have written in the English tongue." This is, of course, sound enough, but it is, as implied before, rather generally accepted.

If Professor Morgan had not eschewed basic definitions, it is possible that he might have made those subterranean penetrations which the present state of drama cries out for. Is the drama a form of literature and therefore entirely satisfactory in the library, as Aristotle in antiquity and Gordon Craig in modern times have decided? Professor Morgan does not raise the issue and one surmises that he, like most contemporary dramatists, is uncertain about it. On the other hand, one doubts if he would assign much value to Castelvetro's contention that it was the theatre, its capacity, machinery, shape, that moulded and determined the nature of drama. He makes no excursus into these subjects, nor does he make any re-valuations of the topics he takes up. He is anxious to see the wandering currents of English drama grow and move on, whereas the pressing problem is one of purification, of restoring the drama to literature, the theatre to the master of the art of the theatre, and theatricalism to entertainment.

## The BOWLING GREEN

### The Sense of Significance

THE field at the top of the cliff, overlooking the sea, has been shaved; cut down to short soft stubble, blanched and sweetened by the sun. The skylarks who nested in those cool tangles of long grass have moved elsewhere, I suppose; perhaps to the fairy isles of Chausey that notch the western brim. Chausey might well be a sort of Penguin Island. After watching its purple stains on the skyline through a month of clear sunsets, it was rash to pay them actual visit. Rewarded rashness, though, for even in a drizzle there was no disillusion in those seaweed-matted clumps of granite, joined by webs of sand into one continent at the ebb, insulated again at high tide, a sprinkle of surf-banged crags. A tiny strait serves as harbor for a few smacks; there is an abandoned fort (of Napoleon III's era); a stone chapel with the customary ship-model hanging as flattery to the gods of gale. Even the dour chateau of M. Renault, the automobile magnate, suggests that special tinge of feeling that one describes as Romance. One remembers it was not far away, in similar scenes, that Victor Hugo found his "Travailleurs de la Mer."

So the blue scissorings of Chausey, seen from our seaward cliff at sunset, have not lost by visit their fairyland suggestion. Even are they more precious by memory of the homeward voyage, when the Mouette (an open launch of fifty feet, carrying one sail) wallowed and capered in a drenching southwester. Unsheltered, the crowded passengers sat trickling, and in more violent rollings were hardly appeased by the master's remark "*N'y a pas de danger, n'ayez pas peur!*" Always alert for the frolic French subjunctive, I remembered that it is used chiefly in expressions suggesting uncertainty and doubt. Ladies were ill, even quite hardy masculines aware of that quaint impulse to yawn which is the token of an entral not wholly stable. But excellent is the stoicism of the Gaul. A stout grizzled gentleman, wearing the ribbon of Madagascar campaigns many years ago, who had lunched on shrimps, rhubarb confiture, *Calvados* (brandy made from cider), and other notables of Norman picnicking, was faintly tinct with green under his summer tan. Yet when a special spout of spray came inboard down his nape, he merely shifted a little on sopping quarters and remarked "*Ce n'est pas chic.*" He is a rather famous Parisian modiste, which somehow makes his phrase all the more pleasant. The tall cliffs of Granville were a welcome sight looming through pelting squalls, as our Mouette came boiling and staggering under their lee.

On these grassy headlands, idly watching the profile of the old fortified rock a mile away, there is much to ponder which is not idle. Studying the long bend of the gulf beneath, the various tinting of sea, the brown-purple shadow-masses in distant scarps of cliff, a writer is tempted to envy the pictorial artist who has his fundamental material so seizable, so suggestive, so takeably to hand. The storyteller's job seems desperately more nebulous. Totally from gossamer nothing, your effect shall be contrived; without even the dexterous physical amusement that helps to keep the painter absorbed and happy. Against that sword-colored sky, vast with the empty glimmer of evening, you are promptly aware of human mirth and movement as a silhouetted pattern. How, out of all that confusing richness, to choose the exactly necessary trifles that will propose the desired emotion? One can only fall back on the instinctive Sense of Significance, that subtle and massive intuition that must be (for every type of creator, I suppose) the captain of his seven deadly senses.

The Sense of Significance! Yes, that occult and instantaneous decision that certain gestures, certain random incidents, are necessary parts of the artistic composition of our own world. This instinct is capricious and quick, often one is puzzled to know

why such petty observations come full of meaning, magically confluent with the dark undercurrent of the mind. I can only illustrate by mentioning shortly a few poor silly glimpses that seemed to me lately (I did not know why) to have peculiar magic. It is hard to be so terse; but as that excellent Abel Bonnard said the other day, "*Il n'est pas mauvais de s'exercer à parler en bref de ce qu'on aime.*"

At Plymouth: my first sight of England in eleven years. The Lancastria at anchor under the green steepes where Drake played the world's most famous game of bowls. (I should like to have written about it for the first of these resodded Bowling Greens.) Coming down the cabin alley I saw a gull poised outside. He floated there on wings, framed in the brass circle of the porthole, looking at me with a cruel fanatical eye. Just behind him was the little harbor where the Mayflower set sail. Was there accusation in his look? "What have you done to justify the faith of those tough yachtsmen?"

On a great spread of beach at low tide: a warm vacant afternoon, the smell of hay blowing down from the cliffs mixed with the strong acid of the sea. Far above, continual twitter of larks, the ear unconsciously sharpening itself to follow their wiry tinkle to the height where it blurs with your own bloodstroke. In that sunny vacuum of feeling, a chime from the church a mile away. The wave of deep sound booms overhead. Then, after the passage of the note, a smaller following vibration, an actual quaver of air felt rather than heard, a magically secret ripple in the blue, the gently churning wake of those thick pushing clangs. That infinitesimal tremble, swimming in soft space, was like hearing the actual movement of some strange law of life. A French lady told me the other day that on that beach, in a certain slope of sunlight, she had seen one of the bathers apparently surrounded by a halo of brightness. I know that one afternoon I went far along the coast, toward a weatherbeaten house that stands solitary by the sea. It had beckoned me since I first saw its outline in the distance. When I got near it I recognized it at once. I had seen that same house, or at least one sufficiently like it, a year before, in a dream.

A heavy tinker's wagon, drawn by one horse. Underneath, harnessed to the axle, a small terrier, pulling mightily, doing his best to help along. His tongue hung dripping, he strained fiercely at his leather hitchings, his tail curled upward with delighted enthusiasm. Why did that dog suddenly strike me as full of parable? I looked again. The wagon was going down a steep hill, and both horse and tinker were doing their best to hold back the load against the grade. But their valiant consort was still doing his forward possible, as usual.

Bicycling in a green woodland, round a corner I found a little avenue among trees. Bordered with flowers it led to an oddly fantastic house, an old stone mansion that had been built over with modern additions. And above the front door, a large statue of seated Buddha. Reading Montaigne one afternoon in the garden, I heard a melancholy chanting outside the wall, the slow shuffle of feet passing by. So many songs and oddities go down a French village road that presently one is too incurious to look out; besides, I was absorbed in the good old gentleman's apologies for his stupidity, his ignorance even of the names of the vegetables in his garden. But I heard our old Julie click the latch and look out. What is it? I called. She came to me with a grave face. "A funeral," she said; and added, with a certain relish, "*Un enterrement de première classe.*"

But sunset ponderings, nor reading Montaigne, will help one much in trying to set in order the task that he has planned. These things abide the fortune of the inkwell. Even Montaigne must sometimes have labored and brought forth a mouse.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Collectors of the first editions of Maurice Hewlett will be interested in knowing that in his "Temporary Essays," Oxford University Press, 1922, it has been necessary to insert a cancelled page No. 16, owing to errata in the last paragraph of the essay on W. H. Hudson. The original paragraph was of nine lines, while the inserted one is of seven lines only. The matter cut out was in reference to his wife.



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## Books of Special Interest

### Christian Art

ORIGIN OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH ART. By JOSEF STRZYGOWSKI. New York: Oxford University Press. \$12.  
Reviewed by E. BALDWIN SMITH,  
Princeton University

IN 1901 with "Orient oder Rom" Professor Strzygowski discarded Rome for the Hellenistic East, and now with "Origin of Christian Church Art" he abandons the whole Hellenistic world for Iran and the Orient, feeling that in the art of Mazdaism he has found the secret spring, the creative source which animated Christian art and gave to it its vital form of expression. Viewing the sixteen centuries which passed from the birth of Christ to the culmination of the High Renaissance, he sees the spirit of Iran, with its non-representational decoration and its methods of vaulting, moving out from Persia to permeate the Christian art of the Mediterranean, where it left its influence but in the main was stifled by the Hellenic tradition. He shows this same spirit carried eastward to China and westward to Spain by the art of Islam, which was the direct descendant of Iranian art. Finally, he follows this Iranian current into the north of Europe with the Gothic barbarians and pictures it struggling for centuries against the inroads of static traditionalism and decadent histrionic forms of Hellenic culture, which the South, in Italy and the Catholic Church, had championed, and feels it finally emerging with triumph in the creation of Gothic architecture. To all who have seriously attempted to disentangle the confusing maze of elements woven into the architecture, decoration and iconography of the early Christian period and have felt the penetrating force of the East this picture comes not as a wild theory but as a stimulating work.

There is so much about Professor Strzygowski's book which persuades me to accept it as a truly great work of undying genius that I regret having to qualify my enthusiasm. His inductive reasoning, by which he builds up the national schools of Christian art in Semitic and Iranian regions before the church in the course of the fourth century began to demand a didactic art and to impose official unity upon its architecture, clarifies the whole early Christian period. The basis of his argument regarding the invigorating power of Iranian non-representational methods of decoration and the influence of Armenia as an emanating center of domical church architecture is most acceptable. Even his larger thesis as to the spirit of Northern art being derived from Iran and hence in instinctive antagonism to the representational art of the Mediterranean is amply justified by recent works on the Iranian origin of barbaric art. That he should be so completely the exponent of non-representational art as to revive the ancient Iranian and Gothic antagonism to Greek and Semitic anthropomorphic forms of expression warps his picture of the complete evolution of European art and makes his analysis of Carolingian, Romanesque and Gothic art seem very unconvincing.

Everywhere in the book is the implication, if not the actual statement, that Rome and the Church, from the very limitations of the official mind and not from economic and ceremonial necessity, saddled the North with the wooden-roofed basilics of Hellenistic origin and that the whole development of the vaulted church came entirely from Armenia and the East. Even in Provence he refuses to admit that the "Temple of Diana" and the supporting vaults of the Arena at Arles had any influence upon the Romanesque builders, and says that the essence of Romanesque construction is the supporting of vaults by piers, a method of support which the Romans never used save

in their cisterns. Such a magnificent gesture of denial invalidates the constructive argument of the book as a whole.

While his neglect of the possibility of Roman contributions to Christian art may only mar the impartiality of his picture, his unwillingness to admit that the classic spirit was a vital formative factor in Christian art is too prejudiced to be overlooked. Professor Strzygowski gives the impression that all European scholars believe that St. Vitale and Santa Sophia exemplify nothing but the "boldness and freedom of Hellenistic architecture." It was Choisy, I believe, who wrote that Byzantine art is Greek in spirit, exercising itself in the midst of a society half Asiatic on elements borrowed from Asia Minor. Admitting that the carving of Santa Sophia is Iranian in spirit, that the decoration is Eastern in origin and even that Isidore and Anthemius brought the dome and buttressing niches from Armenia, the incontrovertible fact remains that the beauty of the building is derived from its organic construction. This organic sense of function did not come from the Orient. In Iranian palaces and Mesopotamian halls, where the vault originated, the walls were inert and inarticulate masses of brick designed to inclose space and offer large surfaces for the rich, non-architectural and non-functional veneer of Eastern decoration. Santa Sophia, on the other hand, is a marvel of scale and architectural proportion. Here the Hellenic genius for functional expression gives harmonious unity to the arcuated style. It is a monument where structural logic, a Greek heritage, dominates both the dome and the decorative style, which are Asiatic, and to appreciate the beauty of Santa Sophia the emphasis cannot be completely shifted from Greece to the Orient.

Could Professor Strzygowski but forget that he is the arch-enemy of Greece and Rome, I, for one, would pay unstinted tribute to his genius, but he makes critics of those who wish to be admirers. His imaginative reasoning opens a new field of speculation in his development of Mazdaean art and its influence on Christian art. To the art and religion of Persia may go back such Christian forms as the fish, the pomegranate, the vine with animals on manuscripts, river scenes, the vase with birds, wall curtains and even perhaps the idea of the Good Shepherd with the white and black sheep. But here again the inferential and inductive method which builds up Mazdaean art leaves many questions unanswered. Iran, by working back from Islamic sources as we know, had from remote times a distinct racial attitude towards art. It was an instinctive, if not religious, love of surface decoration and an emotional demand for coloristic pattern rather than objective fact which Strzygowski described as "non-representational." Along with this quality Iran had the marked habit of borrowing her forms of ornament which she was to rework in her own peculiar manner. Rostovtzeff has shown how the zoomorphic art of Iran, which she transmitted eastward to China and westward to Northern Europe, was almost wholly borrowed from the animal types of Assyro-Babylonian art. In Achaemenian times we are again confronted by this same tendency to appropriate artistic and architectural forms, which were this time borrowed from Mesopotamia, Egypt and Ionia. Hence, when it comes to the elements of Mazdaean art in Parthian and Sassanian periods one wonders whether or not such forms as the vase and birds, the river scene and like motives may not have been taken by Persian artists from Hellenistic art and then given a peculiar Persian treatment and at the same time worked into the religious symbolism of the Havernah, where we find them in the relatively late references and sources which Strzygowski cites.



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## Tittoniana

**DURANTE LA PRESIDENZA DEL SENATO.** By TOMMASO TITTONI. Milano. Società Editrice "Unitas." (New York: Brentano's.) 1924. \$1.80.  
Reviewed by T. J. C. MARTYN.

**F**ORTY years of parliamentarianism have served to impart lustre to the name of Senatore Tittoni. This statesman, of whom M. Hanotaux expressively remarks, "il sait la politique au bout du doigt," has published in this book a collection of speeches and writings which he has uttered and written during the five years he has been President of the Italian Senate.

The dominant note struck in all the speeches is one of peace—peace abroad and peace at home. In his eulogium of Luigi Luzzatti, Tittoni pays compliments to the octogenarian Jewish-Italian economist and financier. He says:

L'Inghilterra ebbe John Bright, la Francia Jules Simon, la Spagna Emilio Castelar. L'Italia ha Luigi Luzzatti.

Perhaps, but to introduce by such comparisons a distorted view of Italy's grandeur is to paint a beautiful picture with meaningless words, particularly when it is remembered that Luzzatti was responsible for a disastrous financial crisis. To say that "oggi una ferma azione di Governo e di magistratura . . . ha posto fine a tale intollerabile dispotismo (Austrian)," at a time when Italy was decomposing under the influence of Bolshevism, would make a London coterie exclaim, "Draw it mild, Guvnor!"

Two of the best speeches are the one on the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Manzoni and the one on the abuse of decree laws. The former, quite short, recalled in a few plain words the inestimable service which the poet rendered to the Risorgimento. It is a forceful piece of oratory ending in a graceful turn to which the Italian language is especially suited: "Onorando Alessandro Manzoni noi oggi onoriamo noi stessi."

In his address to the Senators on the abuse of decree laws—Orders-in-Council, corresponding roughly in America to Executive Orders by the President—an abuse which has recently become far more real than apparent—Signor Tittoni shows that he is not blind to the shortcomings of his country. Perhaps his Oxford education gave him additional perspective. At all events, he is not tardy to champion democratic principles and to denounce roundly the perversions of the Carlo Alberto Constitution.

Il decreto-legge (he says), salvo in caso eccezionalissimo di vera, urgente necessità in contingenze speciali, è il frutto dell'improvvisazione e dell'imparazione; è il frutto di quell'impulsività e precipitazione che è uno dei maggiori pericoli dai quali la democrazia deve difendersi.

This peril is more evident in the Italy of to-day than it was yesterday when Tittoni spoke.

Taken all in all, these speeches and writings, which cover a wide range of politics, etc., are not as remarkable as those which have been voiced or penned by dozens of statesmen during the past five fateful years. The book as a whole, although, perhaps, the oratory is just as high in excellence, is distinctly inferior to the author's last collection of speeches, "Sei Anni di Politica Estera." To some extent this is due to his change of office, that of Minister of Foreign Affairs being hardly comparable in interest to that of the President of the Senate.

Although a great and moderate pacifist, Signor Tittoni has failed to make any original contributions to the cause of Peace calculated to warrant for this book the eminence of publication. Discounting the ornate phrases in which the Latins dress their oratory, efflorescent in banalities, beautiful, logical, *patriottissimi*, but quite meaningless, there is not a trace of Ciceronian sublimity or of the force of a Cavour to earn for these Tittoniana any special merit.

August 15 marked the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Godfrey Leland. He is said to have known more about the Gypsies than any other man of his time. To commemorate this anniversary the Houghton Mifflin Company are re-issuing "The Gypsies," an account of Mr. Leland's studies of the Romany folk. Probably no race is so fascinating as are these wanderers, nor any book so interesting as this accurate narration of their habits, language and history. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who wrote Leland's life, has written an introduction to this new edition.

## South America

**EL DESTINO DE UN CONTINENTE.** By MANUEL UGARTE. Madrid; Editorial Mundo Latino. (New York: Brentano's.) 1923.

Reviewed by HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

**D**ESPITE the not unjustified character of Latin America's suspicions of us, the keener among her thinkers realize that a graver and more difficult problem lies within her own borders. Until her citizens become convinced that their own wranglings and revenges and petty ambitions constitute a greater menace to their dignity and independence than any external influence, their protests against foreign aggression are but cries in the wilderness.

Nobody has seen this more clearly than the Argentinean, Manuel Ugarte, well-known in the Spanish-speaking world as a poet and novelist, who has been more and more devoting his time and pen to Latin America's political problems. The clearest expression of his ideals and conclusions is to be found in the recently published "El Destino de un Continente." It is the record of an Odyssey—with more of Don Quixote than of the wily Ulysses—on which he embarked in 1910, and which, with interruptions, lasted until the beginning of the war. The trip took him through the United States and Mexico, then around the continent from Panama to Patagonia and back. The object of this free-lance venture was "to discover the state of feeling of this enormous zone and its capacity for an independent existence—a sounding, as it were, of the collective soul."

Ugarte has been represented in this country as the most violent type of "Yankee-phobe," a charge which he repeatedly denies, and which his statements bear out. He professes the greatest admiration for what he finds good in our culture and history, and is even more tolerant toward certain acts of ruthlessness than some of our own critics would be. He sees them as the inevitable consequence of our rapid growth and urge to expansion. South America's tragedy began with her incapacity to carry out Bolívar's ideal of a United States of South America, and continues in her seeming inability to join forces in a common purpose.

The errors of our America sprang from the localism of view-point. Each republic has considered itself completely unaffected by the fate of the others. The words of José Enrique Rodo have been forgotten "The native land of the Spanish-American is Spanish-America."

Latin America, he continues, has everything to learn from the United States, and needs her financial and technical support. But must she, to obtain this help, renounce her own peculiar capacities of development, give up her own personality, her ineradicable traditions, and the right to do as she sees fit?

Ugarte is the first to answer the argument that these countries cannot ask for this help on these terms because they are not always responsible for the obligations they contract. He admits it, and flagellates them because it is true. And in an impressive, searching manner he analyzes the different ethnic, social and historical factors which have contributed to make concerted action among them so difficult.

Ugarte sees only two courses open to the Latin republics: they must either abandon their suicidal rivalries, both internal and amongst each other, realizing that their destiny is one, and that everything calls them to a development similar to that which has been worked out in the northern half of the hemisphere, or they must give way before a foreign power.

The United States has done and will do what all other powerful nations have done, and nothing could be more futile than the arguments employed in Latin America against such tactics. To invoke ethics in international questions is almost always a confession of defeat. There is no point in saying such a thing is wrong. One must be in a position to say: that will not be tolerated. Any nation that pins its hopes of existence upon a legal abstraction or the will of others is already done for. The life-giving elements must come from within, from foresight of dangers, strength to face difficulties, calmness in defeat, from all the forces that make for self-preservation of the organism. When this is gone, in men as in nations, the palpitation which keeps them a part of nature or of history ceases.

The latest addition to the Centaur Book Shop bibliographies is Carroll Frey's "Bibliography of H. L. Mencken," issued in a limited edition of 300 copies, and a large paper edition of 75 copies. The introduction in the large paper edition will be signed by Mr. Mencken.

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## An Oxford Experiment

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

YOU all know John Masefield, how gallant and serious a man he is; how fertile and profound a poet; how passionate and right in his worship of all noble literature, whether in verse or prose, whether drama, epic, or lyric. You know what a varied and adventurous life he has led; as a sailor upon merchant-ships trading round the Horn and to and fro along the South American coasts; as a pot-boy in saloon bars of New York; as a carpet-maker in a well-known town not far up the Hudson. And now he ranks well within the first six of living English writers, whether in verse or prose, known in our antipodes, known in two hemispheres, and known in our English country-houses, where literature has never penetrated for nearly two centuries past. His has been an amazing career, and now in the midst of it, and at the height of his powers, there he is, dwelling on the hills above the enchanted city of Oxford, rather strangely small of head, dreamy, sensitive, and thoughtful of eye, deep in voice, capable of laughter, but as unlike a jolly Jack-tar, a pot-boy, or a carpet-maker as the mind of man or woman could conceive. Famous he is, honored among learned and unlearned, ceaselessly industrious, and endowed with imaginative energy always seeking new outlets for its power.

Apart from his writings and the construction in his own garden of a small theatre for the actors of his country side, his latest outlet has been a great competition for the best speaking of English verse. It was held last week for the second year, in Oxford University itself. "The Schools" with their numerous lecture-rooms and spacious examination halls, were thrown open for the occasion, and for three whole days, morning, noon, and night, thither flocked the many scores of competitors and the crowding audiences. The audiences were chiefly Oxford people, no doubt, but the competitors came from all parts of these islands (many from Ireland), and some from India, Canada, Australia, and even from your own country. One woman might even be called Chinese, and there were Japanese among the audience. I wish even more foreigners had come, for here they might have listened to English language and English verse spoken in the perfection of its distinctive beauty. As Masefield in his own account of the ceremony has said, writing to the *Manchester Guardian*:

At its best the speaking was exquisite; perhaps no better has ever been uttered in this island. And again

Probably some of the best speakers in these islands were gathered together here. The effect was that of a choir of nightingales. The excitement and delight of poetry touched all present.

This year there were five times as many men competitors as last year. I suppose the reason was that the men were given different subjects from the women, and they were allotted to separate classes. To me it is obvious that, especially in dramatic poetry, a competition between men and women is absurd. It would be absurd to hear women speaking Mark Antony's speeches, or to hear men speaking as Cordelia spoke. That is obvious. I would go further, and separate the lyrics or sonnets written to express the feelings of a man from the subjects set for women, though this distinction was not carefully kept. Drayton's exquisite sonnet, "Since there's no help," being given to women, though to me it is filled with a man's feeling, and Keats's "La Belle Dame," being also given to women, though the main speaker in the ballad is a man. I certainly should keep that distinction of male and feminine speech and emotion very strict, but other reasons, suggested by Masefield himself in his syllabus, have raised a lot of controversy, especially among women.

He says, for instance:

Poetry at its best, being made by men, is best spoken by men. Most of the orders and persuasions which have availed on this earth have been spoken by men. Whenever poetry has been a popular delight the voices of men have made it so.

Certainly it is true that far the greatest quantity of the highest poetry has been made by men, though, as we all know, Samuel Butler, an excellent scholar and keen critic, attributed the *Odyssey* in his boyhood to a curate, and seriously in later life to a woman, with most persuasive reasoning. The name of Sappho will occur to everyone, though the few lines remaining of her poems are insufficient for much argument. But it might well be argued whether most of the persuasions which have

availed on this earth have been spoken by men when we find women's persuasions in every drama and in almost every hour of our lives. And as to popular delight, superb as the voices of the men were in these Oxford recitations, I thought the delight of the audience was still more highly aroused by the recitations of one woman, or even of four.

Other reasons that Masefield gives for the rather scanty attendance of men last year cannot be questioned. Men as a rule are more busily employed, and many employers would put a black mark against any man who showed an interest in poetry. Alas, that it should be so! But in this country, at all events, that is true, and I rather suspect it is true in New York and Chicago. Another of Masefield's reasons that has raised some controversy says that men are more shy than women and have a greater dread of speaking in public. Many women contradict this. They like still to pose as the modest and retiring sex, too timid to open their mouths upon any platform. But, for myself, Masefield's reason certainly holds good. I have never met a woman so shy as I am, or so loath to speak at a public meeting. Besides, consider the speeches we are doomed to hear from Princes, Dukes, Lords, Sheriffs and Members of Parliament at the laying of foundation-stones or opening of flower-shows! What gasps of hesitation! What ludicrous platitudes! What hemming and hawing! Shy! Of course the wretched men are shy! One only wishes they were too shy to speak at all.

The poets set for recitation were very varied. They covered almost the whole splendid range of English poetry from Chaucer to Matthew Arnold. I think there was no poet still more modern, though the glorious line has never been broken even during these latter years of terrible war and tormented peace. Some of the ballads were probably much earlier even than Chaucer in origin, though, like all folk poetry, their form may have grown or changed from century to century; such ballads, I mean, as the tragic story of magic dating from the days when a seal could easily become a man, and a man could again become a seal—the remote Hebridean ballad of "The Silkie (seal) of Sule Skerrie," or the grim Scottish version of "The Two Corbies," and "A Lyke Wake Dirge." William Blake and Thomas Gray had their place; Shakespeare of course, and at his finest; and Milton both in his poems and the "Paradise Lost," surely the highest test for any reader, as for any scholar fully to appreciate. But to me, who had been appointed one of the five judges, the height of the climax was reached by two women who recited the concluding stanzas of Christopher Smart's "Song to David," that amazing poem which so roused Robert Browning's wonder how the man capable of so splendid and unwonted a triumph should never have composed anything else worth a moment's notice all his life long.

If a reader does not know that hymn, let him read it now in "The Oxford Book of Verse," though the version there given is incomplete. Let him read the last six or seven verses, and then imagine a young woman from Scotland or perhaps from Northern Ireland reciting them with perfect accuracy of sound, time, and meaning before a crowded audience of people well able to appreciate the highest excellence. Let him then imagine another young woman—an English woman—rising on the same platform, before the same audience, and reciting the same great poem, with the same accuracy of sound and expression, but with a passion of speed and assurance that made the poem appear to swing in great circles ever higher and higher as an eagle soars, so that all held their breath with admiration and delight until the final line, "Determined, dared, and done," resounded through the hall, and such a thunder of applause arose as I have seldom heard. Then let the reader imagine myself as judge, who, having given full marks to the first recitation, was now confronted by the second, with such an outpouring of splendor. When these things happen, what is a conscientious judge to do or say?

To quote Masefield himself once more, "One felt that poetry was coming into its own again, as such beauty must when aimed by a mind and a voice at the human heart. One felt everywhere a new feeling for poetry and a new understanding of the principles of speaking it." That is the significance and service of this competition, though it is held for small material rewards. It is a protest against the vulgarity

of slur and slang and over-emphasis, false emphasis (which I found to be the commonest error), and the peculiarly un-English vulgarity of gesture. Of gesture, happily, I saw hardly a movement. There was some rhetoric, some tendency to dramatize even the most personal and private lyric; and sometimes a queer habit of converting even romantic verse into conversation, as one woman showed in beginning the poem, "Oh, what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms?" as though she were a lady doctor inquiring after a soldier's health. But the slur and the false emphasis were the commonest faults.

As to the pronunciation of the English, it is difficult to decide since there is no standard, except a general and vague agreement among educated men and women. In the case of the "uneducated," I think I could always tell the county from which each person comes—Somerset, Wiltshire, Sussex, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the rest. The London Cockney is always unmistakable. But even among the "educated" I can generally distinguish, especially if the speaker has been brought up in the country. And the precious, languid affectation known rightly as "the Oxford accent" is the easiest of all to recognize. I suppose no married woman in Oxford academic circles can escape it for more than six months. To me it is the most irritating accent of them all, and the typical wife of an Oxford don is almost incomprehensible to me in her affectation, though I spent four years at the University. Yet I have not a doubt that every undergrad, and every don, and every don's wife and daughter think the Oxford accent is the finest flower of English pronunciation, and since many men and women in Oxford possess a lot of learning and a superfluity of culture, who dares to contradict them? If the smallest doubt could enter their minds, they might learn the better way from these very exercises in the speaking of English verse as revealed to us all in the midst of their own beautiful city.

## Foreign Notes

UNDER the title "Der Wirtschaftliche Mensch in der Geschichte" the Felix Meiner Verlag of Leipzig some months ago brought out a collection of papers by Lujo Brentano which brings together a large number of the historic and economic discussions which he has continued to write despite his almost eighty years. The work proves its author's intelligence to be no less keen, his interest no less vivid, and his ability to handle his material no less trenchant than they were in his earlier years. It contains a general analysis of classic national economy viewed in the light of its practicability in the present followed by a discussion of the canonical economic law of the Middle Ages.

According to the *Biblio* the book trade has fallen upon prosperous days in France. "The price of novels," says that journal, "is twice as high as it was before the war, and sales of twenty-five thousand copies are regarded as quite commonplace. . . . It must, of course, always be remembered in estimating the sales of French novels that they sell all over the Continent as well as in France. There are, as a matter of fact, more French books on Italian railway bookstalls than Italian books."

The fourth centenary of Pierre de Ronsard's birth, which is believed to have taken

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place on September 11, 1524, is to be celebrated in France this fall. English admirers of the poet have decided that it is fitting that they take a share in the tribute to him, and a committee has been organized under the chairmanship of Edmund Gosse to work in collaboration with the French Comité pour Célébrer le Quatrième Centenaire de Ronsard.

Alfred Doblin, who is one of the foremost exponents of German expressionism, presents in his latest novel, "Berge, Meere, und Giganten," a new form of Utopia. He depicts the humanity of the future determined to free Greenland of ice, and nature rising up in its might against mankind and resolving it to nothingness. There are pictures of great power and vividness in the book which is characterized by daring imagination.

Stefan Zweig's "Drei Meister" placed him among the foremost of contemporary German essayists. The collected edition of his poems which has recently appeared proves him also to be a poet of considerable ability. There is no denying that Zweig, who translated Verhaeren's work into German shows the Belgian's influence, but he nevertheless displays a decided artistic independence. His poems in contradistinction to those of Verhaeren reveal an aristocratic individuality which knows how to give distinctive expression to its sentiments.

A priced sales catalogue of the library of the late Arthur Meyer, for many years editor of the *Gaulois*, which was sold at the Hotel Druot, in Paris, in June, shows that many high prices were realized. One of the last lots offered for sale was the edition of Molière's plays in six volumes published in 1734. Bound in the red morocco precious to the French collector, enriched with five designs by Boucher, the volumes also contained Molière's autograph at the foot of a receipt of 440 francs, which was paid to him for services of his company at St. Germain, and also a receipt by Molière's widow. The set realized 200,000 francs, a new high record for Molière's books, the previous high record being 177,500 francs, which was paid for another edition in 1911. The entire library realized a total of 1,860,300 francs, or, plus the 19½ per cent tax levied by the French Government on sales of this character, just a little over 2,223,000 francs.

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## The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

### Archaeology

THE VILLAS OF PLINY THE YOUNGER. By HELEN H. TANZER. Columbia University Press. \$3.

THE ANNUAL OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOLS OF ORIENTAL RESEARCH. Vol. IV. Edited by BENJAMIN W. BACON, American Schools of Oriental Research (Yale University Press, Sales Agents).

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SOUTHWESTERN ARCHÆOLOGY. By ALFRED VINCENT KIDDER. Yale University Press. \$4.

### Art

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE. By C. and A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND. By CYRIL DAVENPORT. Dutton. \$2.40.

### Belles Lettres

THE AUTHOR'S THAMES. By GORDON S. MAXWELL. Brentano's. \$4.50.

CARLYLE AND MILL. By EMERY NEFF. Columbia University Press. \$2.60.

ANCIENT RHETORIC AND POETIC. By CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN. Macmillan.

### Biography

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. New and Revised Edition. Putnam's. 1924.

The late Inspector General of Antiquities for the Government of Egypt has here studied the story of Egypt's greatest queen with particular reference to the origin of the Roman Empire. Here, indeed, is a comprehensive description of the life and the era of the Serpent of Old Nile and a no less comprehensive account of her influence upon history. Cleopatra was pure Greek. Her ambition for her son by Caesar, Caesarion, strongly influenced her later machinations. Caesarion, for instance, was the reason for her marrying Marc Antony, and for his sake, in turn, she deserted Antony at Actium. Mr. Weigall has not encumbered his pages with notes and references. He has attempted to discard the traditional jargon of scholarship, and this makes his writing unusually graphic. He can be easily checked, he remarks, by reference to the classical authors and to modern writers like Ferrero, Mahaffy, Mommsen, and so on. As to Caesar's being seduced by Cleopatra, he points out justifiably in the first part of his narrative that Cleopatra was an unmarried girl of twenty-one at the time and Caesar an elderly man who had ruined the wives and daughters of an astounding number of his friends. There was "not one shred of trustworthy evidence" against Cleopatra's character. So Mr. Weigall proceeds, refusing to be influenced by the myths that gather about historical characters. His exposition is clear, his style easy and flowing, and this new issue of an extraordinarily interesting biography is eventful in the field of Egyptian history.

### Fiction

STILETTO. By ERNEST GOODWIN. Bobbs-Merrill. 1924. \$2.

The opening of this romance could hardly be more hackneyed. The author arrives at G— on a visit to his friend Bayliss, collector of antique *objets de vertu*. Thieves break into the house that night. A chase ensues, ending with the burglar's escape through a bedroom window. The bedroom is that of an Italian girl, affianced to Bayliss's son. The burglar had dropped the gem of the collection, an ancient Venetian stiletto, with an emerald on the boss. The girl picks it up and thrusts it into her magnificent golden hair, with a gesture reminding the author of Paolo Lamberti's famous portrait of Yolanda Foscari. With this clue, he unearths a history for the stiletto, a tale of old Venice, just at that point when the old traditions had yielded, under the pressure of accumulating wealth, to an age of license.

The story—it was inaccurate to call it history—is engrossing and conveys a capital sense of the times, which shows a scholarly knowledge of the period. Through its pages stalk Domenico Foscari, retired free-booter; Yolanda, his young and beautiful wife, and Alessandro, son of the Doge, a libertine of unbridled lusts and almost unchallenged power. There is plot and counterplot, the efforts of the pimp, Ugolino Golozzi, to recover Alessandro's favor by procuring Yolanda for him, Domenico's jealousy, and Yolanda's foolish flirtation with Algioletto del Settignano.

Somehow, all things work together so neatly for the greater glory of God and the exigencies of the plot, not to mention the cause of clean fiction, that if it be not the history of Venice, so much the worse for the tawdry bawdy annals of the Queen of the Adriatic. Yolanda nearly is unfaithful to Domenico, is nearly raped by Alessandro; Alessandro, in an episode suggesting a certain passage in the life of Benvenuto Cellini, flirts with Angioletto, the latter being disguised as a girl, and is by him murdered with the stiletto. Domenico arrives to find that Yolanda has discovered her love for her husband after the dénouement of her suitor Agioletto and the assault of the bull-like Alessandro. Thus Yolanda is "true," Angioletto achieves manhood, Domenico gets his reward for patient virility, and the villain of the piece dies under most appropriate circumstances. With virtue rewarded, folly rebuked, and vice punished, what more could anyone ask?

Quite frankly, the elaborate setting that precedes the narrative is entirely unnecessary. The story is interesting enough, well enough told, the characters are substantial, and the plot coherent. Such a book as "Stiletto" is meant to amuse and does not masquerade as great fiction. To let it masquerade as fact, through the author's "visit to his friend Bayliss at G—," is to gild the lilac and detract from the merit of a good romance.

JOSSLYN, The Story of an Incurable Dreamer. By HENRY JUSTIN SMITH. Chicago: Covici-McGee. 1924. \$2.

The author of "Deadlines" has come to be known as the kindest, most accurate novelist of journalism and the relation of journalists to life. It is difficult to say much about his latest novel, so true a description is it of "the tattered, profane but gallant procession" whose rôle it is to give us this day our daily news, to reconcile fact to the exigencies of the paper and where possible to serve the truth and advance the ideal.

It is the business of preparing the public's daily dish of news that is the background for Mr. Smith's story, and he is well-equipped to describe it. He has been reporter, copy reader, city editor, news editor and Paris correspondent of *The Chicago Daily News*. "Josslyn" is the story of a sensitive, gentle, poetic boy who is reporter and city editor of the *Chicago Press*. He has a breakdown and goes to Paris to serve as correspondent for a while before returning again to Chicago and his harrowing job. So closely does it parallel the author's experience that it ranks as thinly veiled autobiography. Mixed with this, there is a love story, the romance of Josslyn's sister Fanny and Arthur Mercer, a reporter of the *Press*.

The main theme of the book is delicate, yet unsentimental, and the minor characters are sketched with a sure insight into human nature and a stark use of realism's method without a touch of realism's madness, inhumanity.

"The story of an incurable dreamer" is one of those stories which will set others dreaming. Mr. Smith reverses the proverb—he sees the worse and does not condemn, while he follows the better. He makes one impatient with the American technique of life, with its man-killing struggle for larger and more successful machines and without any concrete purpose or desire to enjoy life by the way. The book has the defects of its qualities: so close to life as to rank as a very perfect piece of reporting, for all its fine mental detachment it cannot qualify as high romance, for what digestion of life as is done colors the book with a quiet philosophic strain but does not raise the standard for any vivid, vital or splendid ideal. In short, it is negative in tone. But this tone is so quiet, its style

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## Fiction

so gracious and its picture of journalism so accurate that it should attract public attention to the nature and spiritual condition of the profession of which the author is a member and which more than occasionally renders the public great services, for which it expects and receives no thanks.

SALLIE'S NEWSPAPER. By EDWIN HERBERT LEWIS. Chicago: Hyman-McGee Co. 1924. \$2.

Dr. Lewis's second novel has the same very strikingly original qualities that made his "White Lightning" stand out of the ruck of the conventional, but it has one serious defect which leaves it behind the earlier book in interest. That defect is the extravagant, almost, one may say, the unbalanced pessimism of its conclusion which amounts to a falsification of human nature. Sane men and women—and he means his hero and his Sallie to be eminently sane—do not act as he makes them act under the impact of calamity. It involves a certain distortion of vision; the existence of criminals and degenerates in an admittedly imperfect world does not blind intelligent folk to the fact that most boys and girls are neither degenerate nor criminal. It is a poor excuse for "race suicide."

But whatever its shortcomings one must admit that Dr. Lewis's work has a marked individuality. It conforms to no accepted pattern, it follows no familiar rules, yet it is never eccentric merely for the sake of eccentricity. Nor is it at all posed; one feels its sincerity, and there is vigorous life in it even at its most extravagant. Moreover, he writes out of a long experience of actual living and he draws upon a wealth of sound scholarship both in the humanities and in the sciences. He has a certain almost ferocious whimsicality that enables him to create bizarre, even utterly impossible, situations and make them seem plausible enough. Above all, he is tremendously in earnest; always sure, himself, that he has something important to say.

His Sallie is an eager, highly intelligent young heiress who happens to own a newspaper as one of her minor possessions, in a small Wisconsin city. When she comes home from college to run things herself she conceives the idea of creating a new kind of newspaper and the young editor-hero heartily falls in with her plan. For one innovation, they drop all the usual advertising; Sallie is willing to "pay the freight." Another oddity is an alphabetical arrangement of headlines—but detail of this curious, impossible paper must be left to the reader. The real point is that the whole thing becomes purely editorial, being intended to aid in the reformation of a crookedly moving world. The book is very well engineered, including much sociology and speculation as well as the essential love story in its plot.

Less successful is the adaptation and often the literal use of the sensational Franks murder case as part of a sub-plot, although the "precocious" Chicago students of the book do not commit a murder, but a worse crime. This case evidently overshadowed the whole book—its use is in itself a proof of hasty writing—and served to distort its conclusion. It is a depressing but always a very interesting performance, and one that would need much more than the available space for a complete analysis.

THE THREE HOSTAGES. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924. \$2.

Whatever John Buchan writes is interesting, but what is more remarkable is the fact that he should so successfully lead a literary double life and be one of the most delightfully artistic bigamists in the world of letters. His editorial work is well known to scholars, historians, students of public affairs and to what one may call the commuting class of writers, the dwellers in the conservative suburbs of the 'ologies. To them the editor of "The Nations of Today"—to mention his most noteworthy recent achievement—is a respectable citizen, a good husband and father in the world of scholarship. But once Mr. Buchan has arrived in the city, he throws off all pretense, forgets his marital responsibilities and goes flaunting it openly with unabashed fiction.

Delightful fiction it is, too, written with humor, virility and a mass of sound commonsense. The Richard Hannay books are perhaps an extension of his editorial propensities in the form most agreeable to the reading masses—detective fiction. This particular one of the series is too diverting to be spoiled by any mere digest of its outlines. Sir Richard Hannay is taking his ease, when he is dragged out to the world of events and into touch with an international clearing-house of crime which exists for the purpose of enriching itself from the debris of a world it is endeavoring to wreck. Mr. Buchan, having prepared his solution in advance, leads us by devious ways to Sir Richard's eventual successful grappling with its activities, puzzles us, intrigues us and finally satisfies us both by his ingenuity and his skill.

While one declines to reproduce in embryo the ingenious plot of this romance, the greatest interest lies in its content and the views therein delivered. Mr. Buchan has his own opinions of the Irish, the Bolsheviks, the general state of the world and the art of living, and he does not care who knows them. To a sane general analysis he adds a most wholesome sense of the human factor in politics. In this, his latest excursion into the realm of fiction, he more than upholds his end of the double-load he carries. It is refreshing to realize that an editor can fight the same sturdy battle for common-sense through glamorous fiction as through learned footnotes. Much learning makes some men mad and others dull; it seems to intoxicate Mr. Buchan into the best and most original vein of adventure stories written since Rider Haggard began to detail the adventures of Alan Quartermain. His ingredients are few: a mystery, a solution, a man-hunt and a man-to-man struggle, but he mixes them with such downright energy and candor, and reinforces them with such wholesomeness, that one might wish the result a thing more easily achieved by others, instead of being what it is, an integral expression of the philosophy of life which governs a most active, admirable and virile scholar, writer and gentleman.

THE FOURTEENTH KEY. By CAROLYN WELLS. Putnam. \$2.

PETER WAS MARRIED. By GRANVILLE STREET. Putnam. \$2.

IN THE SIGHT OF GOD. By JACOB WENDELL CLARK. Covici-McGee.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARLEQUIN. By FRANCIS BICKLEY. Dutton. \$2.50.

THE HONORABLE MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM. By LUELLEN TETERS BUSSENIUS. Nicholas Brown. \$2.

A BISHOP OUT OF RESIDENCE. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. Duffield. \$2 net.

THE SHAMELESS INNOCENT. By MAXWELL LAURIE. Duffield. \$2 net.

REDEMPTION. By BECKLES WILLSON. Putnam. \$2.

"THE LIBRARY." By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.

RIMROCK. By T. C. HOYT. Four Seas. \$2 net.

## Government

THE PASSING OF POLITICS. By WILLIAM KAY WALLACE. Macmillan. \$4.50.

## History

ANCIENT EGYPT FROM THE RECORDS. By M. E. MONCKTON JONES. Dutton. \$3.

RUSSIAN DEBTS AND RUSSIAN RECONSTRUCTION. By LEO PAVLOVSKY and HAROLD G. MOULTON. McGraw-Hill.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS. By PAUL SCOTT MOWBR. Dutton. \$3.50.

FIFTY YEARS IN MADAGASCAR. By JAMES SIBREE. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.  
THE REPARATION PLAN. By H. G. MOULTON. McGraw-Hill. \$2.50.

## International

TWO GENTLEMEN OF CHINA. By LADY HOSIE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1924. \$5.

Three assets distinguish this book from most works on China and Chinese home life. It embodies the intimate observations of a British author who lived with and was adopted by two Chinese families of the official and intellectual class; who being born in China speaks, reads, and writes Chinese, and who founded and taught in a school for Chinese girls. Incidentally, I may add, Lady Hosie's father, professor of Chinese at Oxford University, was at one time the president of a Chinese college.

Lady Hosie's narrative treats primarily of the family life of a retired Manchu governor and that of a Chinese judge, known respectively under the pseudonyms, Lo and Kung. On the eve of the Chinese revolution in 1911, we are informed, the two families experienced great hardships on account of their official position. The Lo family, looted and humiliated by the soldiers, fled to the country, entrusting their valuables to the author and her mother. The latter was under the protection of the British Legation quarters in Peking but later joined Madam Lo in the country while Lady Hosie, or Miss Dorothea Soothill, moved to live with the Kung family, safe and secure in a foreign concession in Tientsin. Though the story centers around the few weeks of the revolution, its real significance lies in its faithful portrayal of the Chinese home life prior to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. Its interest grows as an intimate description unfolds the home life of Judge Kung, its loves, religion, mirth, sorrow, filial piety, family unity, and above all the threatening conflict between the old and the new generations.

However commendable the book may be, it disappoints me in one respect: it describes but scarcely interprets the spirit of our home life. It succeeds only in acquainting the reader with China but fails to make him understand it. The author does not seem to have taken full advantage of her special qualifications and the opportunities she enjoyed. Perhaps she is modest, for few foreigners truly understand the land of their domicile. This helps to explain certain minor errors in this book, which, however, are not confined to Lady Hosie alone.

An adopted mother in China is called "Po Mu" which means "protecting mother" but which the author misinterprets as "Precious Mother," having been confused by another Chinese character having the sound "Po." In elucidating the familiar Chinese saying that "their stomachs were full of pens and inks," the author speaks of "the stomach being the seat of Chinese intellect," but it is as erroneous as if one should consider the stomach as the seat of Occidental intellect merely because of such a figure of speech as "food for thought." Her translation of difficult Chinese characters as "long ones" should be "complicated ones" because all Chinese characters occupy an equal amount of space in writing, be they difficult or easy to read and understand. Lady Hosie is also mistaken about the way the Chinese reckon one's age when she says that "a child is counted one year old at the end of the first calendar year of his life even if he was born in December"; as a matter of fact we regard a child as two years old as soon as he passes the twelfth month of his life. The author also errs in attributing "Po Hsing, Hundred Names" to the "commoners to be protected by the officials." The "Hundred Names" are the most prevalent in China but in no way denote one's parentage; they include even the names of the two high officials to whom this book relates. Finally, Lady Hosie mistakes "Sun Wen" as the "mandarin form of Sun Yat-sen's name." The manner of christening a child in China is ancient indeed. When a person became of age in olden days, he was given a name by his friends in addition to the one given him at his birth which was used only by his elders and superiors. The name formulated by his friends was intended to indicate the best quality in him. The practice, however, developed into that of christening a child with two names at its birth by the parents. Thus "Sun Wen" is the name that he uses in calling himself before his elders or that his elders use in calling him, but "Sun Yat-sen" is the one by which his friends or inferiors address him.

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## Juvenile

THE BEACON HILL BOOKSHELF: "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger," by JOHN MASEFIELD; "The Boy Whalman," by GEORGE F. TUCKER; "The Story of Rolf," by ALLEN FRENCH; "Little Men," by LOUISA M. ALCOTT; "Little Women," by LOUISA M. ALCOTT; "What Katy Did," by SUSAN COOLIDGE; "Nelly's Silver Mine," by HELEN HUNT JACKSON; "A Daughter of the Rich," by MARY E. WALLER. Little, Brown. 1924. \$2 net each.

Men and women whose own youthful literary appetite fed on many of the books issued in this series will welcome the opportunity to give to their children their old favorites in so attractive a form. With the exception of Mr. Tucker's "The Boy Whalman," a new work, all of these volumes are too well known and too firmly entrenched in the hearts of the juvenile public to need discussion now. The works selected have been chosen with regard for readers of varied age, their range extending from the childish adventures of "Nelly's Silver Mine" and "What Katy Did" to "A Daughter of the Rich," virtually a full-blown romance. It is delightful to find appearing in the collection John Masefield's "Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger," both for its own sake and as an augury of the fact that the Beacon Hill Bookshelf will contain noteworthy work of recent years as well as of older vintage.

## Miscellaneous

THE INNS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By W. C. FIREBAUGH. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1924. \$7.50.

The average reader of history, exploring the past largely through the medium of books written in the present, finds it difficult to realize vividly the conditions under which life was passed in an epoch remote from his own. Such a volume as Mr. Firebaugh's with its copious quotations from old chronicles and its unsparing if unsavory detail of small happenings forces into prominence the coarseness of society in the



Middle Ages with a cogency which it would be difficult to secure in more formal records. And that though the book suffers from a lack of animation in its general narrative and the loose articulation of its incidents. Mr. Firebaugh's is on the whole too repetitious a record and too little artistic a one to make the most of its subject, but its material is inherently of high interest, and the book, despite its shortcomings, is frequently fascinating.

Sorry, indeed, must have been the plight of the respectable traveller forced to seek shelter in one of the inns of the Middle Ages for he could hardly hope to escape contact with a choice collection of villains, —at least in the inns of the Continent. Gamblers, thieves, assassins, soldiers of fortune, women of disreputable character, monks and priests indulging in as gross drinking as their non-clerical fellows, every sort of rascal or rogue who infested the world of the time was to be found beneath their roofs. Guillaume de Machaut exaggerated not at all, to judge from Mr. Firebaugh's descriptions, when he wrote:

... And the tavern,  
That veritable chapel of the devil,  
Where one can purchase subtleties of evil;  
No fairy legend this, in which to revel,  
No squeamish principles at which to cavil;  
Should you desire to laugh or swear,  
Become a polished perjurer,  
A wassailing rake or usurer,  
Go any time, your types are there.

Mr. Firebaugh's pages fairly bristle with accounts of evil-doing, of tricks played upon the unwary, of cards played with loaded dice, of guzzling bouts among the guests and collusion in the mulcting of their purses on the part of the landlords. A most unlovely picture! We wish that Mr. Firebaugh could have found time to describe, or had allocated part of his space to a portrayal of the fittings and furnishings of the inns, the arrangement of their space, the character of their service, and their general appearance. There is little of this to be found in his volume though the amusing pictures which accompany the text cast some light upon their equipment.

The publishers have given "The Inns of the Middle Ages," a sumptuous dress. It is a pity that several misprints should have crept into its pages.

**SLAPSTICK AND DUMBBELL.** By HILER HARTZBERG and ARTHUR MOSS. New York: Joseph Lawren, 220 W. 42nd Street.

This book, printed in Paris, is subtitled "A Casual Survey of Clowns and Clowning," and a few of its pages have appeared in a slightly different form in *The Freeman*. Florence Gilliam, writing in Paris, introduces it, telling us that it was originally intended to be an essay on the circus as a whole. "But the most vital and enduring factor in the popularity of the circus ran away with the idea, and it became a monograph on clowns."

The authors' discussion of clowns and clowning is entirely devoid of buncombe. They explode several popular superstitions in regard to the professional zany. Then they proceed to trace the history of the clown, all the way from his dedication in the Egyptian god, Typhon. Their manner is brisk and off-hand, their language American vernacular. There are certainly no dry bones of research! We are told that the word "clown" is derived from *clunaculum* which was a short wooden sword employed by the Roman buffoon as a slapstick. At the end the authors congratulate themselves upon having avoided a "Wellian outline of clowns" and much "anecdotalage," and they append "an admirable bibliography." Their hasty survey has rendered the reader rather breathless, but the reading of their sketch is like listening to a fluent, slangy talker who casually lets drop a good deal of information on his pet subject—in this case "slapstickery." Varied and amusing illustrations peek out this jaunty fragment.

**THE MERE MAN AND HIS PROBLEMS.** By CHARLES M. SHELDON. Revell. 1924. \$1.50.

The rather dreadful thing about the Rev. Mr. Sheldon's mere man is that he is, in fact, fairly representative of a very large proportion, possibly an actual majority, of the population of these United States: not, perhaps in the East or in the large cities but throughout the middle west, the South and in the small towns and rural communities. He means so very well, does this Sheldonian Mere Man; he wants, very earnestly, to do right—whenever he happens to think about rightness or wrong-

ness—yet he is the greatest of all obstacles toward any hopeful solution of the many problems that beset civilization to-day.

The things which have interested me most (says Mr. Sheldon in his preface) are those which have to do with conduct. I am going to talk . . . about the everyday things that belong to a schoolroom . . . I am going to discuss what sort of a man a father ought to be with his children, etc.

The various chapters treat of the father's experience with his older son who took to smoking a pipe and who was led by his college professor to question the authenticity of the Gospel of John as an historical narrative; and with the younger boy who went to the "movies" and saw disgraceful films; went "joy riding" and so on. The book is not precisely sanctimonious, for it is wholly honest and sincere; the basic trouble with it is that the "mere man" it depicts belongs to the sixth century instead of the twentieth.

**THE TIGER IN THE HOUSE.** By CARL VAN VECHTEN. Knopf. \$4 net.  
**YOU GENTILES.** By MAURICE SAMUEL. Harcourt, Brace.

## Music

**MODERN FRENCH MUSIC.** By EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.

## Pamphlets

**THE RISE OF THE NATIVE PRESS IN CHINA.** By Y. P. WANG. Columbia University Press.

**SUBSTANCE AND FUNCTION AND EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY.** By ERNEST CASSIRER. Chicago: Open Court. \$3.75.

**NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.** By HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER. Chicago: Open Court. \$3.

## Poetry

**THE RECITER'S TREASURY OF VERSE.** By ERNEST PERTWEE. London: Routledge. 1924.

This collection of poems for recitation was originally compiled in 1904 by a late professor of elocution at the City of London School. Ernest Guy Pertwee, son of the original compiler, has "felt the lack of poetry representative of the modern spirit" in this widely used volume and has completely revised and edited it. He has added work by such recent and modern poets as James Elroy Flecker, Rupert Brooke, Francis Thompson, Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, James Stephens, Vachel Lindsay, Ralph Hodgson, Walter De La Mare and so on. The work is prefaced by an instructive discussion on the art of speaking, involving fundamentals such as respiration, voice development, articulation, and gesture. Respiration exercises are suggested, and articulation and pronunciation examined in detail. Some of this instruction is highly practical, much of it interesting, but we believe that the art of recitation, aside from a certain necessary cultivation of the voice, resides in the complete understanding and appreciation by the reader of the art of poetry which can only be gained by thorough familiarity with the world's best poetry. Such a familiarity "The Reciter's Treasury" proceeds to supply in its main contents, the original compiler seeming to have chosen his selections chiefly for their dramatic narrative value. Thus the selections open with Hamilton Aide's "Lost and Found," a poem almost solely valuable for its dramatic narrative. Sir Edwin Arnold's oratory is drawn upon. Aytoun is a natural selection and so are many of the most ramping periods of Byron. We descend to such as Joel Benton and Arthur Christopher Benson for the homely and sentimental touch. The new editor has rightly added Chesterton's "Lepanto" and Lindsay's "Ghosts of the Buffaloes" to such a collection, but he has chosen very badly from Noyes, the resource of Housman and Massfield are but barely touched, and we are confronted by a welter of names. The same volume that includes Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" and Ralph Hodgson's "The Bull" also embraces poems by A. Capes Tarbolton, Charles Follen Adams, Sir Henry Yule, with his matchless first line, "Amid the loud ebriety of war," (the italics are ours), "Heliotrope" by Harry Thurston Peck and "Afterwhiles" by James Whitcomb Riley. We are left to marvel at the book's catholicity, a strange variety that cannot be content to serve the interests of the best recitative but must also cater to the cheaper forms. "The Reciter's Treas-

ury" is a sizable volume to handle, and we feel that its division into smaller volumes each with a more definite objective might be an improvement. Robert W. Service does not go well cheek by jowl with Shakespeare, as here. The *mélange* of the selections cannot be said to inculcate taste, though it may offer opportunity for a wide range of expression and gesture. We do feel, however, that nothing but the best should be recited. To recite the shoddy, the merely sentimental, the cheaply emotional is to spread an easy acceptance of bad work and bad taste among the half-literate. The object of a "Treasury" should be to preserve only the truly treasurable.

All this is said with an appreciation, at the same time, of many meritorious inclusions in the book before us.

**THE SAINTED COURTEZAN.** By J. U. NICOLSON. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 1924. \$6.

Mr. Nicolson, author of "The King of the Black Isles" is a fortunate poet to have his work published in so sumptuous a binding in a large illustrated volume printed upon expensive stock. There are fifteen hundred copies for sale of "The Sainted Courtesan," and Boris Riedel, the illustrator, has made the most of the beauty of the completely unadorned feminine form in his interpretations of the characters of a few of the poems. But the perusal of the title poem was spoiled for us by the badly mixed paging of this part of our copy of the book.

Mr. Nicolson is an obvious disciple of Swinburne. He is chiefly derivative. Yet his "Judith" and his "Abishag" do stir the emotions. He does succeed in making the dead speak, with effect. He possesses the dramatic instinct and control of the passionate, sonorous line. And if his master seems to be looking over his shoulder most of the time and trying to teach him even better, the intensity of Mr. Nicolson's own personality in several of the narratives occasionally makes us forget the master. The book is disappointing, however, after all the fanfare with which the publisher preceded it. It descends to such doggerel as

*This is the wages of kisses and laughter,  
Man shall grow weary and woman grow swan,  
Yet to the grave and it may be thereafter  
There'll be regard for the things that are gone.  
There shall be spec'ers to mock and to mutter,  
"Ah, but it might have been different with you  
If only that least little taint of the gutter  
Had not broken through!"*

We are inclined to take this not only as a very bald and bad attempt at the imitation of Swinburne, but also as containing a criticism of the tone of certain parts of the book.

What we find interesting in Mr. Nicolson's work is not his command of metres that have been better captained aforetime, nor the daring of his themes which but palely reflects the daring of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," nor the occasional majesty of his rolling line, which has somewhat the glory of an afterglow after the true sun has gone down. What interests us is this writer's ability to feel passionately through the long dead heart, for instance, of David's Michal, to reveal her soul in the concluding stanzas of his poem on Michal. He has no little psychological insight. And sometimes he possesses a thoroughly likeable rebellious rage on the behalf of the unfortunate. If he can cease to be an orgic imitator of Swinburne and let his indubitably vivid imagination find its own new fields he may become powerful as a poet. But the celebration of the "roses and raptures of vice" belongs by right of perfect technique and aristocracy of intellect to one great English poet alone. And when Mr. Nicolson dispenses with his guidance he has, so far, displayed no notable style of his own.

**THE MAGIC CARPET.** By MRS. WALDO RICHARDS. Houghton Mifflin. 1924. \$3.

This is an anthology of poems for travellers selected and compiled by a well-known anthologist. The central idea of Mrs. Richards' collection is a good one, that of travelling abroad with the poets for pilots. The first section includes poems expressing the longing for and the romance of roving. Hovey's "The Sea Gypsy" and Massfield's "Sea-Fever" set the key. Then come poems celebrating the varied charms of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, Central Europe, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land. The final section is entitled "Homeward Bound." Many excellent poems are included to follow out this scheme. There are, as is usual in most

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BY THE AUTHOR OF MR. AND MRS. SEN

# In a SHANTUNG GARDEN

by LOUISE JORDAN MILN  
AUTHOR OF  
**MR. WU**  
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anthologies, some strange omissions. To the poet Mrs. Richards' book will seem to have rather too honied a tone, the collection of a woman of cultivation and a somewhat conventional love of beauty. There is too little in the book that is "rich and strange." Genuinely fine work is interlarded with certain trivialities. On the other hand there are a few admirable selections that will not be found elsewhere. The book is neatly bound and excellently printed.

**SECRETS.** By W. H. DAVIES. Harcourt, Brace. 1924.

Davies is a natural singer who does not often force his note. He is, perhaps, past his climacteric in poetry. The vital force of his verse has begun a little to decline. He has always, however, written simply and unobtrusively, so that any falling-off there may be is not nearly so noticeable as it might be with certain other poets. "Secrets" consists of forty brief pieces, none of them over three short verses, each one short enough to adorn a single small page, with, in many instances, a charming pen-and-ink decoration at the bottom. The little book can be read through in ten minutes. All the lyrics have a casual air, but nearly every one startles with some gleam of thought or fancy like a jewel. And there is a dewy freshness of Nature upon them. Call me a Nature poet, nothing more, (his last verse sings)

Who writes of simple things, not human evil;  
And hear my grief when I confess that friends  
Have tried their best to make a cunning devil!



If they have, they have not succeeded. Even in disillusioned or angry moods this slight string of poems is as innocently forthright as the poetry of Blake. One of the best of the poems will demonstrate the originality of Davies's fancies and his careless felicity of phrase:

#### SECRETS

*Had I secret plan by which,  
In pressing a small button, I  
Could wreck this world entire—would not  
That button, with a snake's bright eye,  
Flutter my bird-like finger down,  
Till I, bewitched and uncontrolled,  
Must press with sudden impulse, and—  
Good-bye, my pretty world!  
If Dinah knew how great my love is,  
My worship of her small white face,  
Which deserts of grim silence hide,  
And many a waste of commonplace—  
Would she not serve me some mad trick,  
To test my passion's utmost power,  
And break that silent world of love  
In one weak foolish hour?*

Most of these poems are quite as charming and beautifully complete as that.

HELIODORA. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.50.

### Religion

THE CHRIST OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By PAUL ELMER MORE. Princeton University Press, 1924. \$3 net.

This little volume, written in the cultured and engaging style of the author of *Shelburne Essays*, forms the third of a series on "The Greek Tradition from the Death of Socrates to the Council of Chalcedon," and was at first intended to "cover the whole range of theology down to the year 451." The author found it impossible, however, to "limit his study of the New Testament to an episode," and has therefore divided the projected volume into two, of which that before us is the first. None need feel surprise if a subject of such extent requires more space than first allotted. Perhaps we should feel greater surprise at its having been undertaken so lightly. To experts in the field it was nothing short of unavoidable that the treatment should be sketchy and impressionistic to a degree which makes the work of small value to the serious student.

Professor More avowedly draws his principal critical results from the extreme school of eschatologists represented by Schweitzer, Kabisch and Johannes Weiss. In his attempts to furnish an offhand solution of the most difficult problem of New Testament criticism, the origin and nature of the Fourth Gospel, he seems to have taken his cue from the practically obsolete proposal of H. H. Wendt. This can only be called amateurish. In the fields of literature and philosophy the author's voice doubtless sounds with the ring of authority. In that of the historical criticism of the New Testament his confidence is unwarranted. For example one who had read the Targum of Jonathan to Is. 52:13-53:12, beginning "Lo, my servant Messiah shall prosper," would hardly have ventured the statement on p. 163: "So far as we know, the image of the servant had never been associated with the Messiah."

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

THE FAITH THAT OVERCOMES THE WORLD. By VAN RENSSLAER GIBSON. Macmillan. \$1.

SERMONS FOR THE TIMES. Edited by REV. PETER WALKER. Revell. \$1.50.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN MOVEMENTS. By CHARLES S. MACFARLAND. Revell. \$1.75.

### Sociology

SALVAGING OF AMERICAN GIRLHOOD. By ISABEL DAVENPORT. Dutton. \$3.

### Travel

INDIA: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW. By the EARL OF RONALDSHAY. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.

FUJIYAMA. By FREDERICK STARR. Covici-McGee.

THE CITIES OF SPAIN. By EDWARD HUTTON. Macmillan.

### War

THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES. A. D. 378-1485. By SIR CHARLES OMAN. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. \$12.50.

## Some Books for Midsummer Reading

### Belles Lettres

THE SOUL OF SAMUEL PEPYS. By GAMALIEL BRADFORD. Houghton Mifflin.

MODERN ESSAYS. Second Series. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Harcourt, Brace.

THE SEVEN LIVELY ARTS. By GILBERT SELDES. Harpers.

AT A VENTURE. By CHARLES A. BENNETT. Harpers.

LAST ESSAYS. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Scribners.

THE CREATIVE LIFE. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. Boni & Liveright.

THE EDITOR AND HIS PEOPLE. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. Macmillan.

BRONTE MOORS AND VILLAGES. By ELIZABETH SOUTHWART. Dodd, Mead.

BYRON AND GREECE. By HAROLD SPENDER. Scribners.

DAEDALUS. By J. B. S. HALDANE. Dutton.

A LATE HARVEST. By CHARLES W. ELIOT. Atlantic Monthly Press.

LATITUDES. By EDWIN MUIR. Huebsch.

THE RIGHT PLACE. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Doubleday, Page.

SHELLEY AND THE UNROMANTICS. By OLWEN WARD CAMPBELL. Scribners.

PROPHETS OF YESTERDAY. By JOHN KELMAN. Harvard University Press.

SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICANS. By PERCY HOLMES BOYNTON. University of Chicago Press.

GENTLEMAN INTO GOOSE. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. Holt.

PERIODS OF POLISH LITERARY HISTORY. By ROMAN DYBOSKI. Oxford University Press.

CREOLE SKETCHES. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Houghton Mifflin.

ICARUS. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. Dutton.

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP. By IRVING BABBITT. Houghton Mifflin.

BYRON: THE LAST JOURNEY. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Houghton Mifflin.

ENCHANTED AISLES. By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT. Putnam.

THE EAST WINDOW. By BERT LESTON TAYLOR. Knopf.

A THREAD OF ENGLISH ROAD. By CHARLES S. BROOKS. Harcourt, Brace.

TAKING THE LITERARY PULSE. By JOSEPH COLLINS. Doran.

AFRICAN CLEARINGS. By JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE. Houghton Mifflin.

MANY MINDS. By CARL VAN DOREN. Knopf.

PORT OF NEW YORK. By PAUL ROSENFELD. Harcourt, Brace.

DING DONG BELL. By WALTER DE LA MARE. Knopf.

UNDER DISPUTE. By AGNES REPLIER. Houghton Mifflin.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By H. FOSTER DAMON. Houghton Mifflin.

VICTORIAN POETRY. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Doran.

### Biography

EPISODES BEFORE THIRTY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Dutton.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI. Houghton Mifflin.

ERASMUS. By PRESERVED SMITH. Harpers.

W. H. HUDSON. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Dutton.

ARIEL: THE LIFE OF SHELLEY. By ANDRE MAUROIS. Appleton.

MY LIFE IN ART. By CONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY. Little, Brown.

NOTES OF MY YOUTH. By PIERRE LOTI. Doubleday, Page.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR. By MICHAEL PUPIN. Scribners.

THACKERAY AND HIS DAUGHTERS. Edited by HESTER THACKERAY RITCHIE. Harpers.

MEMORIES AND FRIENDS. By A. C. BENSON. Putnam.

LEONID ANDREYEV. By ALEXANDER KAUN. Huebsch.

COBB OF THE WORLD. Compiled by JOHN L. HEATON. Dutton.

THE LIFE OF OLIVE SCHREINER. By S. C. CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER. Little, Brown.

THE LETTERS OF MADAME. Translated by GERTRUDE S. STEVENSON. Appleton.

JANE AUSTEN. By LEONIE VILLARD. Dutton.

MY PAST AND THOUGHTS. The Memoirs of ALEXANDER HERZEN. Knopf.

ALTGELD OF ILLINOIS. By WALDO R. BROWNE. Huebsch.

GROVER CLEVELAND. By ROBERT McELROY. Harpers.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. Putnam.

### Drama and Poetry

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Little, Brown.

SAINT JOAN. By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. Brentano's.

HELIODORA. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin.

THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF RUSSIA. By LEO WIENER. Little, Brown.

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN. By HATCHER HUGHES. Harpers.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. By EDITH SITWELL. Knopf.

ONE ACT PLAYS. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Doubleday, Page.

COLLECTED POEMS. By WILLIAM H. DAVIES (Second Series). Harpers.

THE POETRY AND PLAYS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. Harpers.

THE FOREST. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Scribners.

### Fiction

A PASSAGE TO INDIA. By E. M. FORSTER. Harcourt, Brace.

OLD NEW YORK. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton.

TALK. By EMANIE SACHS. Harpers.

ORNAMENTS IN JADE. By ARTHUR MACHEN. Knopf.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Houghton Mifflin.

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. Knopf.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. Stokes.

HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES. By RING LARDNER. Scribners.

WOODSMOKE. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. Dutton.

MISS PARKWORTH. By EDWARD C. BOOTH. Dodd, Mead.

ORDEAL. By DALE COLLINS. Knopf.

A MAN IN THE ZOO. By DAVID GARRETT. Knopf.

THE THREE HOSTAGES. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin.

THE GRAY BEGINNING. By EDWARD SHENTON. Penn.

STILETTO. By ERNEST GOODWIN. Bobbs-Merrill.

WITHIN A BUDDING GROVE. By MARCEL PROUST. Seltzer.

THE RED BEACON. By CONCHA ESPINA. Appleton.

JENNIFER LORN. By ELINOR WYLIE. Doran.

A BISHOP OUT OF RESIDENCE. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. Duffield.

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE. By MICHAEL ARLEN. Doran.

MARK ONLY. By T. F. POWYS. Knopf.

AVALANCHE. By ERNEST POOLE. Macmillan.

THE BAZAAR. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Knopf.

DEEP MEADOWS. By MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE. Putnam.

ROSE OF THE WORLD. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. Doubleday, Page.

BACK STAGE. By ROLAND OLIVER. Macmillan.

THE DREAM. By H. G. WELLS. Macmillan.

ISLE OF THORNS. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Dutton.

ANCIENT FIRES. By I. A. R. WYLIE. Dutton.

PLUMES. By LAURENCE STALLINGS. Harcourt, Brace.

THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE. By RALPH STRAUSS. Holt.

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN. By ELMER DAVIS. McBride.

DECEIT. By BARKLEE MCKIE HENRY. Small, Maynard.

THE HOME-MAKER. By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. Harcourt, Brace.

SEMBAL. By GILBERT CANNAN. Seltzer.

THE SINGING SEASON. By ISABEL PATTERSON. Boni & Liveright.

THE GOLDEN LADDER. By RUPERT HUGHES. Harpers.

SO BIG. By EDNA FERBER. Doubleday, Page.

PIERRE VINTON. By EDWARD C. VENABLE. Scribners.

NEW FRIENDS IN OLD CHESTER. By MARGARET DELAND. Harpers.

RACE. By WILLIAM McFEE. Doubleday, Page.

A HIND LET LOOSE. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Doubleday, Page.

GOLF WITHOUT TEARS. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Doran.

HUSBANDS AND LOVERS. By FRANZ MOLNAR. Boni & Liveright.

GOLD. By JACOB WASSERMANN. Harcourt, Brace.

THE PRISONER WHO SANG. By JOHAN BOJER. Century.

RED SAND. By T. S. STRIBLING. Harcourt, Brace.

THE SAVAGE. By MIKHAIL ARTZYBASCHEFF. Boni & Liveright.

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. Doran.

### History

ETERNAL ROME. By GRANT SHOWERMAN. Yale University Press.

THE FABULOUS FORTIES. By MEADE MINNIGERODE. Putnam.

THE AMERICAN COLONIES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By HERBERT LEVI OSGOOD. Columbia University Press.

### Miscellaneous

SMUGGLERS AND SMUGGLING. By A. HYATT VERRILL. Duffield.

SOUTHERN BAROQUE ART. By SACHERELL SITWELL. Knopf.

HAUNTED HOUSES. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Appleton.

MODERN FRENCH MUSIC. By EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL. Houghton Mifflin.

THE STATE OF THE NATION. By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE. Bobbs-Merrill.

CHATS ON SCIENCE. By E. E. SLOSSON. Century.

FOOTLIGHTS AND SPOTLIGHTS. By OTIS SKINNER. Bobbs-Merrill.

CREATIVE EXPERIENCE. By M. P. FOLLETT. Longmans, Green.

THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE BOOK. Edited by PROSPER BURANELLI, F. GREGORY HARTSWICK, and MARGARET PETHERWICK. Simon & Schuster.

STUDIES IN MURDER. By EDMUND LESTER PEARSON. Macmillan.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE. By HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER. Open Court.

THE BLACK GOLCONDA. By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON. Harpers.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN POLITICS. Dutton.

EYELESS SIGHT. By JULES ROMAIN. Putnam.

AN OUTLINE OF THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT. By PAUL BLANSHARD. Doran.

SCIENCE, OLD AND NEW. By J. ARTHUR THOMSON. Scribners.

THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ADVOCACY. By JUDGE EDWARD A. PERRY. Scribners.

THE AMERICAN MIND IN ACTION. By HARVEY O'HIGGINS and E. H. REED. Harpers.

LEADING PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. By FABIAN FRANKLIN. Putnam.

### Travel

PEARLS AND SAVAGES. By CAPTAIN FRANK HURLEY. Putnam.

MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA. By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. Dutton.

THE LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY. By T. M. LONGSTRETH.

PORTSMOUTH ROAD. By CHARLES G. HARPER. Hartford: Mitchell.

SPAIN TO-DAY. By FRANK R. DEAKIN. Knopf.

THE CITIES OF SPAIN. By EDWARD HUTTON. Macmillan.

THE FRENCH RIVIERA. By PIERRE DEVOLUY and PIERRE BOREL. Medici.

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES. By CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER. Boni & Liveright.



# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

## A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading:

PLUMES. By Laurence Stallings (Harcourt, Brace).

MODERN ENGLISH DRAMA. By A. E. Morgan (Scribners).

HELIDORA. By H. D. (Houghton, Mifflin).

*L. E., Long Island, would become better acquainted with Africa through books.*

THIS present interest in Africa—it shows in the number of books written about it and of people asking for them—means something, and something more than commercial or political exploitation. The travel-books are eagerly read, and no wonder, when they lead off with one so fascinating as Martin Johnson's "Camera Trails in Africa" (Century). The adventures of Mr. Johnson and his wife, shown by the pictures to be a young and pretty woman, are all the more exciting for being told as if they were simple suburban pastimes. Also giraffes, zebras and other incredible animals disport on the page and the film. This is for "British East"; for the Belgian Congo Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradley's "On the Gorilla Trail" (Appleton), and for more dangerous and startling adventures Carl Akeley's "In Brightest Africa" (Doubleday, Page). Cunningham-Graham still holds the palm for stories of North Africa.

The literary quality of books lately from the Dark Continent is wonderfully high. Jean Kenyon MacKenzie adds to the group of which "Black Sheep" was the first, one about jungle life called "African Clearings" (Houghton Mifflin), distinguished like the others for delicate balance of sympathy and humor and for a rare sense of the magic of words. Llewelyn Powys adds to his "Ebony and Ivory" a new book of sketches, "Black Laughter" (Harcourt, Brace), dazzling and disquieting. Gilbert Cannan writes from a long journey his "Letters from a Distance" (Seltzer), softened by the peculiar homesickness of the homeless. A revival of interest in Olive Schreiner begun last season by the publication of a newly discovered book of "Stories, Dreams and Allegories" (Stokes) and strengthened by that unconventional biography, the "Life of Olive Schreiner," by her husband (Little, Brown), has brought out a new edition of her famous "Story of an African Farm" (Little, Brown). Some of us were surprised to find that it had been out of print; so is her "Woman and Labor," which made a briefer but in its way as important an impression on its own time, the years just before the war.

The novels maintain this high standard. Francis Brett Young crashed into literature a few years ago with "Marching on Tanga" (Dutton), and now, after several African romances scattered through those with scenes less remote, produces in "Wood-smoke" (Dutton), a novel that for distinction of treatment ranks with his "Black Diamond," and for holding the attention beats anything this season. It held mine straight through the hottest night of this summer. Like Sir Harry Johnston's admirable "The Man Who Did the Right Thing" (Macmillan), it involves a safari through the jungle and turns upon a point of honor.

Even the drama touches Africa this year. Galsworthy's latest play, "The Forest" (Scribner), takes place for the most part in the jungle. It has here a symbolic quality: his pity for the weak in the struggle for existence and his habit of identifying human life with that of plants and animals

find in the death-grapple of vegetation in the jungle an image of the civilization that in the first act sends men to die there and in the last profits by their deaths. *L. E., Virginia, asks for a book for a*

*Dickens lover to whom anything by or about the author is precious.*

THERE is a new guide to "The London of Dickens," by Walter Dexter (Dutton); it may be used on the ground, as it is arranged for fifteen excursions, or may be happily read at home. Another of these books about his places—there are not a few of them—is the beautiful "Inns and Taverns of Pickwick," by B. W. Matz, editor of *The Dickensian* (Scribner), with illustrations by modern artists and from old prints.

The man who reads Forster has an addition to his shelf of biographical books in "Dickens' Own Story," a collection of essays by the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll (Stokes). The one most people will read first concerns the David and Dora episode; another reviews a book published not so long ago as to be out of place on this list, "The Dickens Circle," by J. W. T. Ley (Dutton). This book listed and described all the friends and associates of Dickens and told what their lives had to do with his. Sir William narrows this circle somewhat. Then there is a book of color-plates of "Character Sketches from Dickens" (McKay); thirty pictures by Harold Copping for which Mr. Matz has chosen appropriate extracts from the novels, Kate Dickens Perugini writing a preface. There are two portraits of the author. The charm of these "galleries" holds out even to to-day. Half the thrill of the revival of the melodrama of the forties, "Sweeney Todd: the Barber of Fleet Street" at the Frazee Theatre, comes from recognizing Dickens types realized in the flesh. This play, though Dickens did not write it, is mighty good indirect evidence for the survival of Edwin Drood; anyone finds this who sees it.

*F. W., Lincoln, Ill., asks for translations of French novels of high literary merit.*

LOOKING back over many seasons of American publishing, I find none in which so many foreign novels of unusual distinction have appeared in English as already this year. The French practice of prize-giving may be one reason why their novels reach us sooner than those of any other country. Jacques de Lacretelle's "Silbermann" (Boni & Liveright), for instance, rapidly won the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize on its evident merit and at the shortest interval consistent with translation we get it in a good English version. The Balzac Prize awarded to Jean Giraudoux was no doubt largely responsible for the translation not only of "My Friend from Limousin" (Harper), but of "Suzanne and the Pacific" (Putnam), a study of woman literally "on her own," for she is shipwrecked like Crusoe. Not all prize-winners make a sensation or are sensational; Raymond Escholier's "Dansons la Trompeuse" won Lady Northcliffe's award as the novel

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## Foreign Notes

Continued from page 64

Edmund Blunden, the noted English poet and author of a popular travel book, has been appointed Professor of English Literature at the University of Tokio. He succeeds Robert Nichols in a post that was once held by Lafcadio Hearn.

It has just been discovered that the *Aristidean*, a short-lived magazine edited by Thomas Dunn English, published in 1845, contained four unknown contributions by Walt Whitman. These are "An Arrow Tip," a narrative of 17,000 words, "Shirval, a Tale of Jerusalem," "Richard Parker's Widow," and "Some Fact Romances." The conclusion that these sketches were written by Whitman is based upon an index issued with the last number in which the initials follow most of the titles, an accompanying card giving the names in full. The only known complete file of the magazine is owned by a New York collector.

Hans Wolfgang Singer has edited the letters of Max Klinger written between 1874 and 1919. The correspondence of this celebrated etcher and sculptor reveals a personality of force, a man who developed his own ideas, who waged battle with vigor, and exerted a genuine influence on his contemporaries. It bodies forth an attractive figure.

In his "Geheime Macht" (Leipzig: Koehler) Colonel Nicolai, head of the German Intelligence Service, continues the defence of his department which he had begun in his earlier book, "Nachrichtendienst, Presse und Volkstimmung im Weltkrieg," and enters into a full discussion of the subject of spies and secret service. The Colonel sets forth his views as to the activities of Germany's neighbors in pre-war days, and attempts to establish the fact of her own detachment from an espionage system. His book is nevertheless an appeal for funds for "intelligence."

The report which came from Paris a short time ago to the effect that one thousand francs reward had been offered by a printer of that city for the return of a package he left in a taxicab which contained a manuscript by Pierre Loti was followed speedily by notice that the lost treasure had been recovered.

The document consisted of ninety sheets of paper, the size of a stenographer's note book, upon which Loti had written on both sides an untitled annex to his "Azyade"—that book in which he said that "later on" he would try to give the detailed truth about the real life of Azyade, his Turkish girl heroine, whom he thus far had made fiction of but who actually existed in real life.

It is this unique and unedited complement to "Azyade," which was lost by the printer to whom it had been turned over for publication by the son of the famous author.



## Points of View

### Historical Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Mr. Robinson implies in your volume 1, number 2, that the principal obstacle to the writing of contemporary history is the difficulty of procuring complete information. He has overlooked two equally serious obstacles. One is the virtual impossibility for a man to view the events of his own time with impartiality. The historian's liability to partiality is lessened progressively as his studies reach backward into the past. For instance: Any man would probably view more dispassionately some movement that had ruined a certain class in the past than a contemporary movement which imperilled the class to which he belonged. The historian might study impartially the play of human forces that long ago resulted in loss to thousands of men, remote and unknown to him, but he could not do the same thing in respect to the losses suffered by his friends and family as the result of a similar play of forces acting before his very eyes. The more detailed information he possessed in the second case, the more disqualified he probably would become for probing into the causes, and determining the merit, of the movement which affected him adversely.

The other deficiency of the historian-of-the-present is his inability to determine accurately what, among the many things he observes, is going to be of lasting importance. In these days, of preserved newspapers, the historian of the present cannot hope to record in his history all that he can know about the present. So he must confine himself to the important. The historian of the distant past can determine what is significant by its effect during a long range of time. He feels confident that he is right in devoting more time to the study of the formation of the constitution of the United States than to the formation of the articles of Confederation because one exercised a durable influence upon the subsequent course of history, whereas the other did not.

When the historian of the present approaches his subject, he has no assurance of the importance of the events he is examining. What he thinks significant may prove to be ephemeral; what he fails to see at all may be the contributing cause to some future development of vast importance. The most important concern of the historian is the problem of cause and effect. The historian of the present has only thought and action as cause to deal with, and cannot infallibly foresee the results of the facts which he observes. For that reason what he writes will be rewritten by later generations which understand the full force of the influence which his generation exerts upon the general course of human development. As long as men are interested in the continuity of life, the historian of the past will have an advantage, insofar as the selection of significant facts is concerned, over the historian of his own generation.

CURTIS NETTELS

### A Triad of Questions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

I am reading the *Review* with interest, interest keen enough to prompt questions. Thus, in your first number, which I have unfortunately mislaid, there is a review of Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," which treats respectfully and perhaps sympathetically the parallel which Shaw draws between The Maid and himself, a parallel which goes far, apparently, to explain his interest in her. Now my question is this: Has Shaw ever sacrificed or run the risk of sacrificing anything he really valued for the sake of any principle or cause he is supposed to have at heart? If so, what is the instance? If not, the parallel between him and Joan of Arc is one that she would probably not have recognized.

Next, in your second number is an interesting and, it seems to me, just estimate of Joseph Conrad, a paper that has a sad timelessness which the writer of it could not have anticipated. Mr. Dodd's remark that he cannot "constantly and unreservedly believe" in Conrad's women reminds me that two of these women, the young wife in "Chance" and Arlette in "The Rover," after playing their full parts in physical and psychological situations of weird intensity, become, so far as we are shown, quite commonplace after their main question is properly settled. Does this mean that, in the case of women, Conrad was more in-

terested in situations than in characters or persons?

I have one more question. In this article I am referring to occurs the phrase "need not necessarily." As an elderly man I venture to ask whether this phrase is good English nowadays.

EDWIN H. HALL

Cambridge, Mass.

### J. H. Shorthouse

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:  
SIR:

Can you tell me why "John Ingelsant," by John Henry Shorthouse is not better known? Do you know it? Have you read it? Is there a finer romance, a more beautiful story in the English language? If there is please tell me the name; I want to read it.

John Henry Shorthouse was a manufacturer of chemicals, I think in Birmingham, England, and it is curious that this beautiful and tender, yet strong and virile story, alive in every line, instinct with beauty, should have sprung from the mind and brain of a chemical manufacturer.

I should like to know more about Shorthouse.

Actually this was his only story. He wrote others, I know, not many, but this was his story. He had a tale to tell and he told it well. And then, after writing one or two more only, he shut up—wisely, I think.

It is one book for the "Desert Island." At least it is for me.

Let us see what your readers think of it. I am curious to know how so great a piece of literature can have been so consistently neglected so long.

HARRY HUNTON

### The Reader's Guide

Continued from previous page

of its year best suited to English translation, and a gentler, more tender story of a Frenchwoman's spunky defiance of advancing age one could not find; we have it as "The Illusion" (Putnam).

But of the recent translations the one by which our readers and writers gain the most is no newcomer but a novel seasoned by near twenty years. We have at last something by Charles-Louis Philippe, "A Simple Story" (Knopf), with woodcuts by Mazereel as much a translation in their own way as Agnes Kendrick's words. Philippe has been called for his pity the "apostle of pain": he seems to me even more the student and spokesman of pleasure—of coffee no one writes so well, or of the delight of poor old parents in being able, for once, to entertain the grown-up children at dinner. A quiet story, unforgettable. "Saint Magloire," by Raymond Dorgelès (Doran), haunted me for days after I read it in French. A returned missionary with a reputation (unsought) for sainthood by his preaching and example brings to his family and their town not happiness but wreckage so nearly complete that for their sakes he goes back heartsick to Africa. It is, in another form, the essential idea of Shaw's "Saint Joan"; the world seems to be, as she found it, a sad place for saints.

Isabel Sandy's "Andorra" (Houghton Mifflin) is a searching, sympathetic study of one of the lost corners of Europe; it comes at the same time as Concha Espina's novel of primitive life in Spain, "Mariflor." "A Forest Giant," by Adrien Le Corbeau (Harper), is the life of a California redwood, and as different as possible from the usual "tree book." Reading it, human time fades into the terms of tree existence; it is the next thing to being a dryad. Eduard Estaunié's "Call of the Road" (Boni & Liveright), beautiful in spirit, rises at the close to mystic ecstasy: the call is to the endless beyond.

An important event in French translation this season is the continuation of Marcel Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," the third and fourth volumes appearing, beautifully printed and bound, as "Within a Budding Grove." Another publisher, Thomas Seltzer, has it now; I wonder who will take a chance on it some four or five volumes ahead. At present, however, and for some time to come, the book moves gently through lovely scenes; these are the volumes with the "little band" of young girls like figures on a Greek frieze. Seltzer also publishes Paul Morand's "Open All Night" and "Green Shoots," exotic, intense studies of modern civilization.

## SATURDAY NIGHTS

RELUCTANTLY I finished Chris Morley's "Bowling Green," set my copy of *The Saturday Review* on my knee and took a sip of ice cooled lemonade which Ali Baba (he came into my service directly his work with the "Arabian Nights" was finished) had conjured up for me out of melting nothings. "Ali," I addressed my devoted slave, "Rub your lamp,\* and assure me that a goodly company are enjoying, perhaps at this very moment, the pages of Dr. Canby's *Saturday Review*."

"Behold, Oh, Master!"

And I beheld thousands of faces, many half hidden behind copies of the very *Review* I held before me. Surely it was the goodly company of the readers of good books. Faces became more distinct, many of them familiar. "Why," I exclaimed, "These are America's authors, its critics, its poets, its historians, its men and women of letters—this is literary America."

"Ali Baba, announce them one by one that I may brush up my literary acquaintance, that I may rub elbows with them, talk and enjoy with them more fully our common reading ground, *The Saturday Review of Literature*."

Obediently Ali waved his hand. The thousands of faces disappeared, but, in their place stood one man. "WILLIAM LYON PHELPS," announced my slave. "Age, fifty-nine, Lampson Professor at Yale, author of 'A Dash at the Pole,' 'Reading the Bible,' 'Some Makers of American Literature,' 'Essays on American Authors.' He is often called 'the Teddy Roosevelt of Literature.' His favorite expression is 'Bully,' and he wields the big stick of praise and condemnation. A Charter Subscriber and contributor to *The Saturday Review*."

Billy Phelps, bowing after this handsome blurb, disappeared and, in his place stood a tall, red-headed person of cynical mien.

"SINCLAIR LEWIS," announced Ali Baba. "Age thirty-nine, a former student of Prof. Phelps, and Sauk Center, Minnesota, class unknown. Mr. Lewis is a 100 per cent. American and his love for our habits and institutions is startlingly set forth in his 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt.' He gets his ideas in the United States and gets rid of them in England. His latest effort is 'Dr. Martin Arrowsmith,' in which, we understand, he brings the medical profession to the bar. He is a Charter Subscriber and contributor to *The Saturday Review*."

"LEE WILSON DODD," announced this remarkable slave of mine. "Born 1897, admitted to the bar in 1902, he forsook that learned profession five years later for literature. You remember, no doubt, his dramatization of Harry Leon Wilson's 'His Majesty, Bunker Bean,' and his own play, 'The Changelings.' His poems and essays appear here, there, and everywhere in the current magazines, and he is a Charter Subscriber and contributor to *The Saturday Review*."

I found myself suddenly gazing into the commanding countenance of a person whom, several years ago, I might have described as a suffragette militant. Ali Baba came to my rescue with the most disarming introduction:

"MISS AMY LOWELL, poetess laureate to the crowned heads of the publishing world. Born several years ago at Brookline, Massachusetts, she has never had another address. Miss Lowell is a member of all known poetry societies and, if she desires, may see her name over a poem in any issue of any publication, except such as are fed to the canaille. She is sister to the President of a large University at Cambridge, Massachusetts, who, it is understood, does not share her proclivity for free verse. For a list of Miss Lowell's works, see any encyclopedia. She is a Charter Subscriber and contributor to *The Saturday Review*."

Ali Baba will continue his introductions of *Saturday Review* readers next Saturday.

He suggests that you subscribe now for *The Saturday Review* through any leading Bookshop or direct through the publishers.

BEN BOSWELL.

\*It is not generally known that Ali Baba and his forty thieves purloined Aladdin's wonderful lamp out of the pages of the "Arabian Nights."

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By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

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ENGLAND has given us nothing since the war more attractive than the reprints issued by the Nonesuch Press of London. The London *Times* recently referred to the "brief but resplendent history" of this press and the phrase is well deserved. A folio booklet in blue wrappers, a fine piece of printing in itself, just issued from the press gives full details of nine new publications to appear during 1924. We wish to call attention to two of them.

Many copies of the Nonesuch Congreve came to America. Everybody was delighted with the edition. The new Wycherly is a companion set, in four crown quarto volumes, edited by Rev. Montague Summers. It will be the first complete collected edition of Wycherly's "Works," each play exactly reprinted from the original quarto. These quartos, now excessively rare, have been kindly loaned to the editor by Edmund Gosse. Mr. Summers has done for the Nonesuch Wycherly just what he did for the Nonesuch Congreve. He has presented an incorrupt text—the only incorrupt text since the first quartos—and makes all intelligible by his illuminating annotations. The "Poems," which are to be found only in the folio of 1704 and in the "Posthumous Works" of 1728, have never been reprinted before. In order to complete this edition "Hero and Leander in Burlesque," first published in 1669, and the "Epistles to the King and Duke," 1683, now almost impossible to find, have been included. A number of short poems have been collected from rare "Miscellanies," especially from the second volume of "Posthumous Works," 1729, not in the British Museum and so scarce that its existence has been questioned. The edition is limited to

950 sets, 75 of which are printed on handmade paper. Wycherly's writings gives us the most exact and detailed picture of social life in the hey-day of the Restoration and this new edition will have a strong appeal for collectors of this period.

The second work is that of "The Anatomy of Melancholy" by Robert Burton. The text is that of the sixth edition, complete with notes—the last edition to be supervised and corrected by Burton himself. E. McKnight Kauffer contributes some 150 decorations, diagrams, symbols and fantasies as a book illustrator. Each one of his pictures has been designed typographically—they enter not merely into the spirit of the text but into the letters of the page. The type employed is based upon a standard reproduction of Plantin's letter, but it has been re-designed specifically for this edition to bring it both nearer to its original and nearer to what the page required. The edition is in two folio volumes, bound in buckram and boards, limited to 750 sets. There are besides thirty-five copies to which Mr. Kauffer has, by his own hand, added tints to a number of pictures and which have been bound in full leather and signed by the artist and publisher. The fascinating old book has at last been printed in an edition that the lover of fine and appropriate typography will want to own and read.

These are two of nine titles for this year. They serve, however, to show the careful and meritorious work which the Nonesuch Press is doing. Booklovers in this country should keep careful watch of its publications.

## MORE LIMITED EDITIONS.

THE Harvard University Press will publish three special limited editions on September 15. One of these is a post octavo

volume of eighty pages containing three essays by D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press, entitled "In the Day's Work." The papers are concerned with various aspects of printing. There will be a limited edition of 250 copies numbered and autographed by the author. It will have eleven illustrations, four in colors. The title page will be in two colors. Another book is a reprint of "The Pilgrimage of Robert Langton," a pamphlet first published on November 18, 1523. For many years this pamphlet was known only by hearsay, but recently a copy was discovered in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral. This reprint is limited to 755 copies and is printed under the supervision of Bruce Rogers and is said to be a particularly dainty volume. The third title is "A Most Friendly Farewell to Sir Francis Drake," by Henry Roberts. This pamphlet is of prose and poetry, printed partly in italic and partly in black letter. It was originally published on the occasion of Drake's expedition to the West Indies in 1585. The reprint reproduces a copy recently found in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral. There is only one other known, that in the library of Henry E. Huntington, which came from the Britwell Library. The new edition reproduces the original as closely as modern types permit, is limited to 755 copies, and printed under the supervision of Bruce Rogers.

## A NEW PRIVATE PRESS.

L. A. BRAVERMAN, long associated with fine typography, receiving his yearly training under D. P. Updike at the Merrymount Press, has established The Fleuron Press, a new private press, at his home, 436 Rockdale Avenue, Cincinnati, for the sole purpose of giving expression to the ideals of fine printing and book making. Its first publication, the Andrew Lang translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette," has just appeared in a volume 4½ by 7 inches, 80 pages, with six full page

drawings by Glenn Tracy, printed on fine deckle edge paper from Garamond type, bound in boards, and limited to 500 copies. Mr. Braverman, in all the details of his first venture, has caught the mediæval spirit of this quaint and charming French legend, and has given it an appropriate and beautiful setting. It is a first book in which The Fleuron Press can justly take pride and will lead those, who have the good fortune to own a copy, to look for other publications of this press with interest.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

THE MacGeorge library recently sold at Sotheby's in London cost its owner about £7,000 thirty years ago. It brought £32,062. The advance in value was upon a surprisingly small minority of items. For instance, Gray's "Elegy," 1751, which sold for only £74 at Sotheby's in 1893, brought £1,550.

The Beaumont Press of London announces the publication of "Madrigals and Chronicles," being newly found poems written by John Clare, edited with a preface and commentary by Edmund Blunden. There will be only a limited edition printed in three styles: 310 copies on handmade paper, 80 copies on Japanese paper, and 8 copies on pure vellum.

The First Edition Club of London has just issued a "Bibliography of the First Editions of William Butler Yeats," compiled by A. J. A. Symons. Full details of forty-six volumes are given, beginning with "Mosada," a dramatic poem first printed in the *Dublin University Review* in 1886, and ending with "The Trembling of the Veil," published in 1922. The edition is printed on parchment paper and is limited to 500 copies. R. R. Bowker Co. are the American selling agents.

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### VIKINGS OF THE ICE by George Allan England

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Doubleday, Page & Co.

## The Phoenix Nest

THERE is a pond—maybe they don't call it a pond—in the middle of our favorite oasis (most of the others are mere mirages) and we've put a board across it to hold our typewriter. At present we sit there soaking pleasantly, perusing Roy Campbell's "Flaming Terrapin" which has at last come to our hands. We showed this passage to the Phoenix:

*Then, like a comet, the pale Phoenix rose  
Blazing above the white star-tusking snows,  
And smouldering from her tail, a long  
white fume*

*Followed that feathered rocket through the  
gloom.*

*To the scared nations, volleying through  
the calm,*

*Her phantom was a signal of alarm,  
And mustering their herds in frenzied  
haste,*

*They rolled in dusty hordes across the  
waste.*

But our Phoenix remarked dejectedly that that was the sort of thing she used to do when she was a flapper—she had now given up childish things. Young Campbell is quite an amazing poet at times, and at other times he goes loco with language, but his is a distinctly fresh imagination and what Francis Thompson, speaking of Henley, called "reinsless élan." When you can write as well as

*Beside the keel he saw the grey sharks move,  
And the long lines of fire their fins would  
groove*

*Seemed each a ghost that followed in its  
sleep*

*Those long phantasmal coffins of the deep;  
And in that death-light, as the long swell  
rolled,*

*The tarpon was a thunderbolt of gold.*

when you can speak of how

*—from his craggy pulpit, the baboon*

*Rose on the skyline, mired with the moon.* when you can describe the exit of the animals from the Ark with the fantastic abandon of Mr. Roy Campbell—the land may be filled with poets. . . . In part Five, where he takes to another metre and descants upon gymnastic cowboy angels he seems to us to lose his grip; but he regains it again and surges on to the end in a rushing wave of verbiage. Lincoln MacVeach tells us that the story of Campbell's discovery is as follows:

Roy Campbell is a young South African of Scotch descent. Somehow Augustus John ran across him in London, and, struck by his appearance, painted his portrait. The manuscript of the "Terrapin" lay on John's studio table. There, the story goes, Colonel C. E. Lawrence, of Arabic fame, found it. He read it and carried it at once (in a taxi) to his publisher friend, Jonathan Cape, who gave it to Edward Garnett.

G. W. Russell (AE) has since written, "No poet I have read for many years incites me to more speculation about his future, for I do not know of any new poet who has such a savage splendor of epithet or who can marry the wild word so fittingly to the wild thought."

We agree with "AE" as to this poet's promise. We have not read a wilder fantasist since we read some of the heraldic raptures of Francis Thompson. And speaking of that wonderfully mad writer, fourteen years ago we gained possession of a small volume published in Boston by the Ball Publishing Company. We mean Thompson's "A Renegade Poet and Other Essays." We find it now heavily marked by our fountain pen. Last year, Ben Ray Redman, who had discovered it for himself, spent an evening in our presence praising it. Since we are on the subject of reverberant phrase, we may recall Thompson's remark on diction in his essay upon Crashaw: "a poet with genius enough to form a diction of his own, has genius enough to know what to say in it." It is Roy Campbell's effort toward a diction of his own and his remarkable imagination that, we are sure, would have won encomium from Thompson, although, when Campbell shouts of angels thus, *Saddled on shooting stars they flew* And rode them down with manes aflame, *Stampeding with a wild halloo, Gymnastic on the rushing air.*

we may imagine a long, long shudder wracking Thompson's incorporeal frame.

We shall never forget Thompson's remark on "Sartor Re-read," which, might not ineptly be applied to the work of Mr. Campbell,

Fiery and fuliginous (to use Carlyle's own favored word), with rent and steaming storm-rack of turmoiled imagery, their splendor zig-zags against a ground of murky and jostling utterance, from which they emerge and into which they fall back. (Thompson is speaking of "the great passages") or one might say these sudden and strongly contrasted passages of eloquence which fleck the tortured mass of his general speech are as the blue eye of the typhoon, opening a steady deep in the midst of the whirling blackness around.



We give you herewith our idea of the looks of Campbell, travestied from Augustus John's portrait. Probably it resembles him not at all! It seems that the MacDowell Colony at Peterboro is seriously in need of funds if this haven of a working-place for creative writers and other artists is to remain open subsequent summers. On this subject we can speak emphatically. Nowhere in the world has an idealistic experiment proved of greater practical value. Once, in two weeks at the Colony, we accomplished more consecutive creative writing than we have ever been able to accomplish anywhere else. Everything is arranged with the greatest common-sense for the writer, painter or musician who has a job of work to do. Every morning a full working day with absolute quiet and no interruptions is set before one in ideal country surroundings. No such opportunity could be purchased elsewhere for ten times the money. When we first heard of the Colony we doubted; to-day we regard it as one of the most valuable aids to the creative artist that has ever been organized in any country. It is admirably administrated. To have the Colony close for lack of funds is unthinkable. We urge everyone who has the interests of the Arts of America at heart and can offer financial assistance to an enterprise of the greatest proven worth to communicate with Mrs. Edward MacDowell at Peterborough, New Hampshire. It should be a matter of national pride that a working-place of so admirable a character exists for American writers, painters and musicians. The extraordinary energy and practicality of one woman, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, has made it possible. Her unflagging devotion to her project in the face of many difficulties, and the solid benefit she has conferred upon the arts in America, merit nationwide financial support. From East Boothbay, Maine, Kenneth Payson Kempton writes:

I have not read Pearson's "Studies in Murder" or Judge Parry's "The Drama of the Law," but I will back two books by William Routhead (There's a name!) against any two chronicles of crime in the language. They are "Twelve Scots Trials" and "Glengarry's Way." I found them, one afternoon last winter, tucked away in the stacks of Widener. For weeks thereafter, for they are both big lusty books, I gently buffeted them beside my bright and placid hearth. Seldom do history and biography—anything factual—appeal to me. These books do. Murder . . . We have no murders in this land and age! We have nothing but atrophy, by premeditated violence, of the human mechanism. Routhead will tell you of a murder that lasted two months, and was punished by burning at the stake.

J. C., of Asheville, N. C., agrees with us that Edith Wharton took "Futility" a bit heavily; also he says our brief lines on O'Neill hit off his own feeling perfectly. (If J. C. should not be spoken of as "he," we beg her pardon.) It's uncommonly nice to secure unsolicited corroboration of one's views in this way.

When we ended last week, we spoke of taking a ride on a camel. Well, all we can add now is that we'd walk a mile—to get away from a camel! Ever W. R. B.

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